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No. 1751

NOVEMBER 25, 1905

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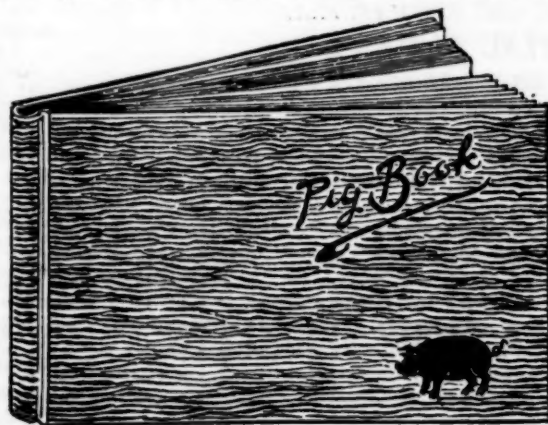
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THE LITERARY WEEK

THERE has been a *Gentleman's Magazine* ever since 1731, when Edward Cave, printer, of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, founded a paper intended to rescue from oblivion the best things in the ephemeral Press of the day. The magazine, edited from its very start by "Sylvanus Urban," soon made its mark (by 1738 it had twenty imitators) and enlarged its scope. As early as 1734 Samuel Johnson wrote to the proprietor suggesting that modern wit and humour might well be supplemented by a literary article, which he offered to write. Cave's reply is not known; but two years later we find Johnson advertising his school at Lichfield in the magazine, and a copy of Latin elegiacs addressed "Ad Sylvanum Urbanum," which also appeared in 1736, is probably from his hand. The *alcaics* of March 1738 and Johnson's subsequent close connection with Cave and with the magazine are well known.

Cave was probably the first editor (if he may be called so) who started competitions. He offered in 1734 £50 for a poem—and attracted no writer of note. In 1735 his offer was a first prize of £10 only, with volumes of sermons as second, third and fourth prizes. But the great work which the *Gentleman's Magazine* achieved was the reporting of Parliamentary Debates. It was illegal to do so, and Cave got into trouble more than once, particularly over the Lovat trial in 1747. But he held to his illegal practices for many years. Concealed in the House or in the Strangers' Gallery, he and his lieutenant Guthrie and others would make notes, and retire afterwards to compare them and have them written up. When prohibited from reporting the proceedings openly, he published the "Debates in the Senate of Lilliput," much as the *London* gave Latin names to the speakers in the House and pretended to be telling of ancient Rome. In 1743 Guthrie was dismissed and Johnson took his place. How Johnson did the work is notorious: he invented the speeches.

It would take too long to follow the magazine through all its long history. To Cave succeeded David Henry and Richard Cave; the name of Newbery first appears in 1767, and then comes John Nichols. The price of the magazine kept rising and its size and scope increasing. It prided itself on its obituary notices, its antiquarian research, its medical prescriptions and so forth. The Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban was a fine field for the expression of amateur opinion. We recall *Praed's* lines in "The Vicar":

"He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses;
And sage remarks on chalk and clay
And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet or a turban;
And trifles to the *Morning Post*
And nothings to Sylvanus Urban."

New series followed new series, the antiquarian matter growing ever more and more in bulk and relative importance, until a change came in the early sixties, when popular writers like Dutton Cook appeared in its columns, and Henry Kingsley contributed, as a serial story, "Maiden Mathilde." Then in 1868 it came under the editorship of Gowing, who was followed in time by Joseph Hatton and Mr. Joseph Knight, and became the magazine of general interest which has just changed hands.

We do not know whether Sir Benjamin Stone and his camera were at Eynsford, in Kent, last Saturday, but the occasion was one just suited to one branch of the great work he has carried on, that of making an illustrated record of local customs. The publication in parts of a selection from his photographs which is now being extremely well carried out by Messrs. Cassell, is of rare interest in itself, and goes to show, also, how large a store of invaluable historical record Sir Benjamin has been amassing for the benefit of contemporaries and posterity. In such cases as these "the camera cannot lie," and every one will be able to recall a score of cases in history, local or national, in which an absolutely faithful pictorial record of the circumstances would have made history not only pleasanter to study but more certainly trustworthy. It is true that the celebration at Eynsford was the first of its kind: it is to become a custom, and is at present only an experiment; but that was true once of every custom in the world. It was a good experiment and will become a good custom. Taking their ideas from the "Arbor Day" started in America in 1872, the inhabitants planted trees along the western side of a main road; and the trees were so arranged that the initial letters of their names taken in order spelt the opening lines of "Rabbi Ben Ezra." A little fanciful, perhaps; and it necessitated a tulip appearing as a tree; but it was a good work.

"The Maske of Flowers," which is still missing from the Gray's Inn Library, is a small quarto volume of seventeen pages. On the first leaf we are told that the Maske was "presented by the Gentlemen of Graies-Inne, at the Court of Whitehall, in the Banqueting House, upon Twelfth night 1613, being the last of the Solemnities and Magnificences which were performed at the marriage of the right honourable the Earle of Somerset and the Lady Francis, daughter of the Earle of Suffolke, Lord Chamberlaine." The same "Maske" was again played on July 7, 1887, in honour of the late Queen's Jubilee. The lost copy was published in 1614, and was eventually purchased by a barrister, Samuel Kydd, who presented it a quarter of a century ago to the Inn of which he was a member. It had cost him twenty-five pounds. Of the four other copies in existence one is in the Bodleian, one belonged to the Roxburgh collection, and two are in the British Museum.

The attempt at making "a ghost of Abbotsford" will probably end with the lady to whom the name was applied. This lady, the widow of the Rev. John Carmichael, has just died at Edinburgh at the venerable age of eighty-three. When a child, she went as a visitor to Abbotsford, and losing her way on one occasion, opened the dining-room door noiselessly. It so happened that Sir Walter and his guests were discussing the question of the possibility of the appearance of a departed spirit, and the mysterious opening of the door at the moment won for the little girl the name of "the ghost of Abbotsford." This name she retained through life.

Another attempt at creating a ghost at Abbotsford was doomed to failure. Opposite to the entrance to the library there is an arched doorway leading to other rooms. It was discovered that by an arrangement of lights the shadow of a person under the arch could be thrown on the opposite door with weird effect. But Sir Walter, when called upon to witness the experiment, did not express approval of it,

for a reason that even Lockhart could not guess. Scott's interest in ghosts, however, is notorious, and he liked telling ghost stories to his visitors.

In the November number of the foremost Danish review, *Tilskueren*, A. Hagensen has an interesting appreciation of Rudyard Kipling. He calls Kipling "the type of a healthy human being, who is moulded by his environment in a strange country amidst a strange civilisation," who is solely concerned with "things as they are, and whose every thought is hammered out of hard reality." The two writers, Hagensen maintains, who have of late years aroused the greatest interest, are Nietzsche and Kipling, "both great discoverers; the one explored the realms of speculation . . . the other opened up to us a fresh country and a new race. . . . It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than these two; yet they have this in common: their greatness is derived from the East." Kipling is said to possess "the typical Anglo-Saxon bent for exaggeration . . . which however is more manly than the Teuton's subtlety and delicate hair-splitting." Hagensen discovers a curious resemblance between Kipling and Walt Whitman: "in both cases comradeship is their religion. . . . Each of them glorifies his comrades, that is to say, his own race." The writer concludes with this comment on the well-known passage:

"Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

"These are simple words . . . yet up to the present none but the Anglo-Saxons have learnt to act upon them."

The Council of the Royal Meteorological Society have awarded the Symons Gold Medal to Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard Strachey, R.E., G.C.S.I., F.R.S., in recognition of the valuable work which he has done in connection with Meteorological Science. The Medal will be presented at the Annual General Meeting of the Society on January 17, 1906.

Mr. Charles P. Sisley is resigning the editorship of the *London Magazine* in the new year.

An interesting exhibition of modern printed books is being held in the Kunsthalle at Bremen. The place of honour is given to the English presses, which are represented by a hundred books and placed immediately after a few specimens of the earliest age of printing. All the chief books of the Kelmscott, Vale, Eragny, Athendene, Doves and Essex House presses are there, and the introduction to the catalogue explains how William Morris went back, to escape from false traditions, to the pure source of the craft of printing at its best, and taught by precept and example how the type itself must determine the proportions of the page and the style of the illustrations and ornaments. A few American, French and Belgian books are exhibited, and, of course, a much larger number of German books, especially from the official presses at Berlin and Vienna and the enterprising Inselverlag at Leipsic, which is associated, more than any other firm of publishers in Germany, with the reform of printing.

The English part of the catalogue contains some entertaining misprints, of which the following are the gems: "Roots of the Mats" and "Hopes and Jears of Art" (both by William Morris), and "123. Ecclesiastes and the Song of Shannon, Vale Press, London, 1902." But these efforts are far surpassed by the German second-hand bookseller who, in a recent catalogue, described the binding of a certain book as "pigskin with shudders."

The death is announced of M. Georges Charpentier, the well-known Paris publisher. It was his house that first published the novel in the one-volume form at three and a half francs a volume. The idea of the originators of this

scheme was to produce a book that was cheaper and contained more printed matter than heretofore, and the volume of three hundred and fifty pages or twelve thousand lines seemed to be the very thing that they required. There is no doubt that the convenient size of the books thus issued contributed greatly to the enormous sale of French literature in Europe during the latter half of the nineteenth century. And yet French publishers are asking themselves whether another reform is not required, and whether it would not be wise to follow the former English system of a first issue of three volumes, then of a one-volume edition at six shillings, and finally of a cheap sixpenny edition. The daily paper and the magazine make times hard for the publisher in France.

An important step has been taken at Rome in the establishing of a permanent theatre (Teatro Stabile). The use of such a term implies a theatre and Company which are fixtures in the capital and entertain proposals to perform in any of the other towns in the kingdom. The object of this theatre is to give representations—always in Italian—of plays of other nations, and it need hardly be added that the selection is confined to pieces which are of recognised merit. The theatre will be open from December 1 next to Lent, and English people will be proud to think that the piece chosen for the night of inauguration is Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. The *mise-en-scène* promises to be beautiful, so that as the *Giornale d'Italia* says: "Rome will at last see Rome on the stage." The list of authors, both foreign and national, includes such names as Æschylus, Plautus, Shakespeare, Alfieri, Goldoni, Beaumarchais, Daudet, Schiller, Oscar Wilde, Marco Praga, Cervantes, Calderon, and many others. The theatre chosen for this object is the Teatro Argentina, and numerous alterations and improvements are being carried on to make it in every way as beautiful, and comfortable, and workmanlike, as possible. A striking feature of the Teatro Stabile will be the attempt to adapt dialect-plays, Venetian, Milanese, Neapolitan, etc., into Italian. Nearly all these plays are comedies; they abound in well nigh every province in the peninsula; and they rank high for wit, humour and originality. The scheme of this theatre—started by the Count of San Martino—has met with the utmost support and encouragement from every class.

Another sensible measure adopted in Rome has been that of forbidding ladies to keep on their hats in theatres. No hat is to be allowed to be worn in the stalls or galleries, though in the boxes ladies may still if they choose carry on their heads those erections which for size and inconvenience have rarely been equalled.

A notable feature of the sale of books belonging to the late Mr. Francis Fry, the well-known bibliographer, which Messrs. Puttick and Simpson are to conduct on December 4 and 5, is the number of rare and early Bibles which it includes. Of Latin copies we have the very scarce and finely printed edition which came from the press of Richel, Basil, in 1475, and a fine and perfect copy of the first Bible printed at Venice, also in 1475. We have also the first Bible printed at Nuremberg, 1483 (the Ashburnham copy realised £59), the first Swedish Bible, 1540-41, the so-called "Bug" Bible, 1549 (Mr. Dunn Gardner's copy brought £55), the first Danish Bible, 1550, the first edition of the Bible in Polish, 1561, the first edition of the Bible in Welsh, 1588, and a very fine copy of the first edition of the entire Scriptures in the Romansch language, 1679. Amongst the other books to be sold are Pliny's "Natural History," first printed at Rome, 1470, a first edition of "Paradise Regained," 1671; "The Mirror of Alchimy," by Roger Bacon, first edition, 1597; and David Carey's "Life in Paris," in the original twenty-one parts, with all the wrappers, large paper, and, of course, a first edition. A copy sold in 1900 for £58 10s.

LITERATURE

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

Life of Froude. By HERBERT PAUL. (Pitman, 16s. net.)

MR. HERBERT PAUL has not, in this book, attempted the conventional biography. Froude, like Thackeray, did not wish his *Life* to be published, and far from preserving his letters with the assiduity shown by many celebrated people, he made a bonfire of them before he died. Instead of a conventional biography, therefore, Mr. Paul had to write something more in the nature of a study. But he was fortunate in obtaining the assistance of those best able to give it, and in his preface he acknowledges his obligation to Miss Margaret Froude for letters, facts, and dates. Froude's niece—who writes under the name of Lucas Malet—Lady Margaret Cecil, Sir James Sanderson, and others have given him assistance, while he has drawn liberally upon the "Table Talk of Shirley." The result is a book that from beginning to end is always attractive, although, for our part, we feel that the biographer has given too much attention to the controversies in which Froude was engaged.

Mr. Herbert Paul is in his most serious mood when dealing with the long conflict between Freeman and Froude. As far as can be judged by one who takes the facts as they stand and does not pretend to know what happened in the inner circles of journalism forty years ago, it would appear that Freeman was something in the way of a "find" to that keenest and most enterprising of all journalists, Douglas Cook. In the days when the *Saturday Review* was nicknamed the "Saturday Reviler," he discovered a contributor who could write as slashing an article as Captain Shandon himself; and for at least twenty years, Freeman carried on a game of what he himself called "belabouring Froude," with consequences that have not enhanced his reputation. Froude was undoubtedly the finer scholar, and the more learned historian too, but not even Mr. Herbert Paul's enthusiastic advocacy can acquit him of a certain amount of carelessness. In discussing the incidents of the quarrel between the two writers Mr. Paul attempts to defend Froude on every count of the indictment, but when we come to a later point in the historian's career, the case is given away. On p. 406 will be found this passage:

"The weak point of Froude's 'Erasmus' is the inaccuracy of its verbal scholarship. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson of a loose scholar, 'he makes out the Latin from the meaning, not the meaning from the Latin.' This biting sarcasm would be inapplicable to Froude, who knew the dead languages, as they are called, well enough to read them with ease and enjoyment. But he took in the general sense of a passage so quickly that he did not always, even in translating, stop to consider the precise significance of every word. Literal conformity with the original text is, of course, not possible or desirable in a paraphrase. What Froude did not sufficiently consider was the difference between the translation and the translator himself, who cannot paraphrase properly unless he renders literally in his own mind. Froude gave abundant proof of his good faith by quoting in notes some of the very passages which are incorrectly rendered above."

This gave Freeman just the opening that was required by the old style of *Saturday Reviewer*. Given a few undeniable errors, the slashing article can be very easily concocted. But the old proverb says: "He laughs best who laughs last," and time has shown that Freeman failed entirely to appreciate not only the scholarship, but also the fine understanding of his adversary, whose work stands out to-day as that of one of the English historians of whom we are most proud. Froude's triumph was complete when, on the death of Freeman, he was appointed to succeed him as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

The other great controversy was that over the biography of Thomas Carlyle. Here, again, we think Mr. Herbert Paul's energy has been more or less wasted. After the famous biography came out, there was a faction, or rather a combination of factions, which abused it most strenuously

and managed to obtain the ear of that public which gossips about great men, but does not read their works. They managed for a time to impress this public with the idea that Froude had been something of a traitor to his friend, and that the *Life* was little more than a great washing of dirty linen in public. But all that was more than twenty years ago, and critical opinion is now unanimous in holding that this biography is one of the very best in the English language. There may be some argument or controversy on the prudence of introducing the public to an intimate view of the private life of a great man. The vulgarian instinctively fastens on any little defect, just as a captious critic will fasten on a misplaced comma when he has not intelligence enough to follow the argument of his author. But those who read for comfort, and instruction, and consolation, know very well that if any man—even the best of men—be portrayed with no cloak drawn over his failings, but exactly and truly as he is, his defects will be as apparent as those of Carlyle. It is safe to say that no reader with an ingenuous and open mind can rise from the perusal of the biography without loving Carlyle more than ever, and being himself the better for having read it. In fact, the whole philosophy of Carlyle is blended so adroitly with the facts of his life that when we have read Froude we have gained the essence of Carlyle's philosophy more assuredly than if we had struggled painfully through all those Works of his which, of themselves, would fill a large book-case. As time passes, these controversies will become dim and indistinct, and Froude, escaped from the glamour of prejudice, will stand on his own merits as a writer. To him, in this respect, Mr. Paul does ample justice. If we have a fault to find with the biographer, it lies perhaps in an excess of zeal. He describes Froude, in his handling of English, as an apt pupil of Newman, with the same ease, grace and elasticity, and then follows this eloquent eulogium:

"Froude, like Newman, can pass from racy, colloquial vernacular, the talk of educated men who understand each other, to heights of genuine eloquence, where the resources of our grand old English tongue are drawn out to the full. His vocabulary was large and various. He was familiar with every device of rhetoric. He could play with every pipe in the language, and sound what stop he pleased. Oxford men used to talk very much in those days, and have talked more or less ever since, about the Oriel style. Perhaps the best example of it is Church, the accomplished Dean of St. Paul's. Church does not rival Froude or Newman at their best. But he never, as they sometimes do, falls into loose and slipshod writing. He was the fine flower of the old Oxford education, growing in hedged gardens, sheltered from the winds of Heaven, such as Catullus painted in everlasting colours long centuries since. Froude was a man of the world, who knew the classics, and the minds of men, and cities, and governments, and the various races which make up the medley of the universe. He wrote for the multitude who read books for relaxation, who want to have their facts clearly stated, and their thinking done for them. He satisfied all their requirements, and yet he expressed himself with the natural eloquence of a fastidious scholar. Lucky indeed were the editors who could obtain the services of such a reviewer, and he was fortunate in being able to recommend with power the poetry of his friend, Matthew Arnold."

As we have said, the praise is somewhat excessive, but the fault is one which may be pardoned in the biographer, who would be unfitted for his task unless he had a partiality for his subject. Froude was not only inexact, but more than a little given to distortion of facts for dramatic effect—not consciously, but simply because this was the outcome of his temperament. In his attempts at fiction he displayed a lack of creative imagination and of insight into character that would induce us to reconsider his *Short Studies* very carefully; but that he could write, and write well, is the important question, and his life, on the whole, was a fine and beautiful one. He was Devonian to the core, a lover of horse and hound, and one who could wield a fishing-rod or gun as well as the pen. Never did he lose his sympathy with manly outdoor pursuits, while within doors he was ever one of the most charming of conversationalists. His life was mainly that of a man of letters, but it was strenuously lived; and, as Mr. Paul has described it, it forms an attractive and agreeable study.

MAT PRIOR

Poems on Several Occasions. By MATTHEW PRIOR. The Text edited by A. R. WALLER, M.A. (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.)

THERE is much in the works of Matthew Prior which has but an archaeological interest. The poet did not disdain the fashion of the hour. He was content that his verses should be *à la mode*. He composed odes, because other poets composed them. He was insincere, because he knew that the several occasions, which inspired his muse, did not exact a verbal accuracy. When he flattered, he flattered with a splendid carelessness, as one fully conscious that he was not on his oath. In fact, no man that ever took pen in hand has paid more absurd compliments than he. With a sort of jealousy he protested against Boileau's adulation of Louis XIV.:

"When once the Poet's Honour ceases,
From Reason far his Transports rove :
And Boileau, for eight hundred Pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove."

We know not what Matthew Prior got for his pains, but we do know that in the contest of flattery Boileau lagged far behind him. His lines upon "Seeing the Duke of Ormond's Picture at Sir Godfrey Kneller's" are well enough as a compliment, and they, compared with the worst, are distinguished by a sort of subtlety:

"O Kneller, could thy Shades and Lights express
The perfect Hero in that glorious Dress;
Ages to come might Ormond's Picture know;
And Palms for Thee beneath his Laurels grow;
In Spight of Time Thy Work might ever shine;
Nor Homer's Colors last so long as thine."

That is one for Homer, two for Ormond, and nothing for Kneller. But even the extravagance of this tribute pales to nothingness beside the adulation lavished upon Queen Anne. We know not where in literature to match the lines which follow, written when Harley was wounded by Guiscard:

"Mean Time Thy Pain is gracious ANNA's Care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing Breath
Softens thy Anguish: In Her pow'rful Pray'r
She pleads Thy Service, and forbids Thy Death."

That is flattery carried to the power of infinity. The idea that the Queen's "powerful prayer" should forbid the death of her subject is colossal in its impudence and blasphemy, and, having found this conceit, Prior might have extended a kindly tolerance to Boileau. Even if Louis did take the wall of Jove, he did not interfere with what the god ordained.

But to pay compliments was not the end of Prior's ambition. When we have cut away his fantastic exaggerations we shall find not a little that is admirable. And first it must be said that no writer of verses ever found a style better adapted to what he would have called his Muse. He wrote with tireless facility and with a "numerousness," if we may use an ugly word, which never palls. Johnson, who is not quite fair to Prior, declares that his verses "always roll, but they seldom flow." If the distinction implies a reproach, we cannot agree with Johnson. Flow—that is precisely what Prior's verses always do. No writer was ever more fluent and fluid. We do not suppose for a moment that his best works were easy to write, but how easy they are to read! There is an air of well-bred elegance in them, which we are sure belonged to the man himself. "Hudibras" is the work which, after the Classics, had the profoundest influence on him. But compare "Alma" with its original, and note the difference. "Hudibras" is, of course, incomparably the greater work; that need not be said. But "Hudibras" rolls magnificently if you will, and "Alma" flows always, like a placid, well-ordered stream. Moreover, Prior was a master of the

conte, as La Fontaine knew it. "Hans Carvel" and "Paulo Purganti," which Johnson thought fit for a lady's table, are the perfection of easy narrative. The Milesian tale has never been told with a lighter, happier touch. Nevertheless, the Milesian story, even in the hands of the master, is not poetry, and, though we may highly esteem the wit and daintiness of Prior's work, we cannot admit that he wears the bays. With one exception Johnson's summing up may be accepted. "He has every thing by purchase, and nothing by gift," writes the Doctor; "he had no *nightly visitations* of the Muse, no infusions of sentiment or felicities of fancy." No, he had no *nightly visitations*; he had no infusions of sentiment. But felicity of fancy was his, whenever he took up his pen to write. There was in his composition much of Horace, much also of the minor Greek poets. And if he attained his effects by study, the study was in no way thrown away. The famous lines, which he perversely calls an "Ode," show the lightness and delicacy of his talent:

"The Merchant, to secure his Treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd Name;
Euphelia serves to grace my Measure;
But Cloe is my real Flame."

"My softest Verse, my darling Lyre
Upon Euphelia's Toylet lay;
When Cloe noted her Desire,
That I should sing, that I should play."

"My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raise;
But with my Numbers mix my Sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's Praise,
I fix my Soul in Cloe's Eyes."

"Fair Cloe blush'd; Euphelia frown'd;
I sung and gazed: I play'd and trembl'd:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill We all dissembl'd."

Here is not the material of passion. It is all gay, unfeeling, superficial. But it possesses that fine quality, felicity of fancy, which Doctor Johnson most unjustly denied the author.

Prior's life was like his verse, for the most part felicitous and debonair. Of humble birth, he won by his own merits a sound education and a distinguished position. He was sent on embassies, and made himself acceptable to kings and queens. Anne accepted his flattery without disdain, and Louis XIV., the patron of Boileau, listened to him with attention. When he fell upon evil days an edition of his verses brought him £4000, and Harley added an equal sum for the purchase of an estate. Such a man could have been happy only in august circumstances. It is easy to see that the elegant trappings of life were a first necessity to him. But Johnson probably spoke no more than the truth, when he said that "the vessel long retains the scent which it first receives." Prior tired of the pomposity of his Muse and of the grandeur of his life, and in sheer boredom was "willing to descend from the dignity of the poet and the statesman to the low delights of mean company." Thus he proved his humanity, and if only his Cloe were a "drab", his verses might have for us another and a deeper meaning. However, whether Johnson spoke truth or not, Mat Prior's verses will be read with pleasure so long as gaiety and fancy hold sway in the world.

As for Mr. Waller's edition, that cannot be too highly praised. It is arranged on the soundest principle, and presents a text which is above and beyond reproach. Handsome to look at, convenient to hold, the reprints issued by the Cambridge University Press are a credit to all those who are concerned in their production. It was once a reproach to this and to a kindred institution that it profited by the sale of indiscriminate school books. If the Cambridge Press persists in the path it has taken, it will free itself from the slightest suspicion and prove to the world that it is performing precisely that function for which it exists.

A CANONICAL WIFE

Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV. By W. H. WILKINS, M.A., F.S.A. In two volumes, with illustrations. (Longmans, 36s.)

MR. W. H. WILKINS has constituted himself the champion of Royal beauty in distress, and thanks to his painstaking labours and researches the modern world knows far more than it did both of the unhappy Sophia Dorothea, who was Consort of George I., and of that British Princess, Caroline Matilda, who became the ill-fated Queen of Denmark and Norway. In his *Life of Mrs. Fitzherbert* he has reached a higher level, both as regards literary excellence and in the interest attaching to his subject. No doubt this is partly owing to the fact that his new book contains much hitherto unpublished matter. Thanks to the magnanimity of King Edward, Mr. Wilkins is able to reproduce the much-discussed papers which were placed by Mrs. Fitzherbert's representatives at Coutts's Bank in 1833. As the vindicator of Mrs. Fitzherbert's fair fame puts it: "To His Majesty's generous permission is therefore due the fact that the honour and virtue of this much misunderstood woman are now established beyond doubt, and her memory cleared from every shadow or stain."

The story cannot but absorb and attract all those students of human nature who are concerned with the psychology of sentiment. Stripped of the circumstances which made the relations of this man and of this woman so widely known and discussed, the history of their passion would still be profoundly moving and curious, if only as throwing light on a singularly complex and yet not unusual masculine type. Mr. Wilkins is evidently attracted to the character of what we must call, for want of a better name, his hero, and he is at great pains to show that Thackeray grossly traduced George IV. in his famous description of the First Gentleman in Europe. The task of showing George IV. as he was, rather than as he appeared to the great Victorian novelist and man of heart, who has left so imperishable and terrible a picture of him, would have been made much easier but for the super-sensitive prudence of the Duke of Wellington, who compelled Mrs. Fitzherbert to destroy the hundreds of letters written to her by her Royal lover and husband.

Maria Smythe, the woman who was to become the canonical, though not the legal, wife of a King of England, was the daughter of a baronet and allied to many members of the great nobility; but the fact that she was brought up a practising member of the Roman Catholic faith had an all-important effect on her later life. Her two first husbands, Mr. Weld of Lulworth, and Mr. Fitzherbert of Swynnerton, did not live long, and at twenty-five she found herself for the second time a widow. In the enjoyment of a handsome jointure, Mrs. Fitzherbert began gradually to make a considerable position for herself in that section of the fashionable world which had many close links with the Court. She became the intimate of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and of the famous Duchess of Gordon; and at this period of her life she might have made at least one very great marriage. Unfortunately chance threw in her path the youthful Prince of Wales, who was at that time, in his twenty-second year, probably the most fascinating and agreeable Prince in Europe. His parents' very virtues made them unpopular, and the Heir Apparent was adored by the populace and admired and cherished by that more exclusive circle where he set the *ton*. The Prince always vowed that he fell in love with Mrs. Fitzherbert at first sight; and though it is clear that she soon became on her side responsive to the feeling she inspired, she seems to have behaved with extraordinary good sense, dignity, and discretion. Then followed the Royal lover's supposed attempt at suicide, and the visit to Carlton House of Mrs. Fitzherbert, chaperoned by the Duchess of Devonshire. The sceptical wits of the day—for the story soon became the talk of the town—believed that he had been bled and had dabbed the blood about his

clothes to make him look more interesting in the eyes of his beloved. The ruse, if ruse it were, so far succeeded that Mrs. Fitzherbert allowed her lover to put a ring on her finger in the presence of three of the Prince's men friends and of the Duchess. She immediately left Carlton House, and, once out of the Prince's presence, she seems to have realised that the ceremony which she had gone through was in no sense binding. The next morning she left for the continent.

Having at last discovered her hiding-place, the Prince wrote her the most moving letters, sending so many couriers that the suspicions of the French Government were excited. In considering the whole story, it must never be lost sight of that Mrs. Fitzherbert's heart was itself a traitor in the camp. "Wrought upon and fearful, she was first induced to promise formally and deliberately that she would never marry any other person." Then came the Prince's proposal—in a letter of thirty-seven pages—of a private and canonical, though not (because of the Royal Marriage Act) civilly legal ceremony; and then, and not till then, Mrs. Fitzherbert surrendered at discretion, believing that what was offered her was the type of union which would now be called morganatic.

The marriage took place in the evening of December 15, 1785, in the bride's house in Park Street, the celebrant being a Church of England clergyman, and the witnesses Mrs. Fitzherbert's uncle, Henry Errington, who gave her away, and her brother, Jack Smythe. The Prince of Wales wrote out a certificate of marriage with his own hand and signed it, it being, of course, also signed by Mrs. Fitzherbert, her uncle, and her brother. It was handed over to the new-made wife, and is one of the documents here published for the first time. Fourteen years later, when the Prince was trying to persuade his long-suffering wife to return to him—in a letter which Mrs. Fitzherbert always kept, and which was one of the documents preserved at Coutts's Bank—he wrote: "Thank God my witnesses are living, your uncle and your brother, besides Harris, whom I shall call upon as having been informed by me of every, even the minutest circumstance of our marriage." Small wonder that later Caroline Princess of Wales observed, with more truth than refinement, that "the only man with whom I have ever committed adultery was Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband."

Only two years had gone by when there fell on the unfortunate Mrs. Fitzherbert the first consequence of her imprudence and lack of worldly wisdom. Charles James Fox, in the most solemn and weighty fashion possible, contradicted in the House of Commons the report of the marriage of his friend and patron, the Prince of Wales. More, when sharply cross-questioned by a member who suspected that the whole truth was not being told, he reiterated his denial, declaring "the fact not only never could have happened legally, but never did happen in any way whatsoever." Further, he solemnly declared that he had spoken from direct authority. The story goes that Fox, shortly after leaving the House, actually met one of the witnesses of the marriage, who informed him how serious was the misstatement he had made. In any case, no public or private retraction was ever offered by Fox, and though the Prince seems to have been much annoyed, he tried to treat the matter lightly, taking care, however, that the news should only reach Mrs. Fitzherbert from himself. "Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife. Did you ever hear of such a thing?" The poor woman made no reply, but she turned pale. Had she been as wise as she was conscientious, she would there and then have broken with the Prince, and this would almost certainly have led to a public avowal of her marriage. Instead, however, she consented to allow the weight of her anger and distress to fall on Fox, and forgave the Prince. That she acted as she did at this critical juncture of her married life surely explains her conduct after the Prince of Wales's marriage to Princess Caroline of Brunswick, and his formal separation, immediately after

the birth of their child, from the Princess of Wales. Mrs. Fitzherbert has been severely blamed for renewing her relations with her husband after he had, from her point of view, committed the most heartless and indefensible bigamy. The dates are sufficiently significant. During an intrigue with Lady Jersey he separated from Mrs. Fitzherbert in June 1794; in April 1795 he married Princess Caroline; in April 1796 he formally separated from her; two months later, in June, he was eagerly trying to renew his old relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and reminding her of her marriage vows! On this occasion Mrs. Fitzherbert sought advice from Rome as to her position. There, as was to be expected, the validity of her marriage to the Prince was fully confirmed, and from the Roman Catholic standpoint she was, of course, bound to return to her husband at his bidding.

Concerning the final separation of the Prince Regent, as he had then become, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, not even the Prince's apologist, Mr. Wilkins, can make any excuse. The principal reason was the Prince's infatuation for Lady Hertford: further—and this is, if possible, a more shameful reason—it is clear that the Prince, who was becoming unpopular, preferred to think that the populace turned against him because of his close connection with a Roman Catholic, Catholic Emancipation being then a burning question. For some time, indeed for two or three years, Mrs. Fitzherbert seems to have endured many humiliations and indignities, but at last, as the direct result of her being forbidden a seat at her husband's table on the occasion of a great *fête* given at Carlton House, she insisted on a formal separation, though the Prince would have preferred to have kept on friendly terms with the woman whom, to the very end of his life, he always regarded as his wife.

Some interesting chapters are devoted to describing the last twenty years of Mrs. Fitzherbert's life. She was consoled and supported by the devoted affection of a very large circle of friends, and by the warm and filial care lavished on her by her adopted daughter, Miss Mary Seymour, who, strangely enough, remained to the very end a kind of link between her adopted mother and George IV., who had been very fond of Miss Seymour when she was a child and young girl, and always retained his affection for her.

Only once did Mrs. Fitzherbert make any attempt to communicate with or see her husband—that was when George IV. lay dying, neglected and alone, at Windsor. Her letter, which was given to him on his death-bed, seems to have been read by him, and put under his pillow, but he was too ill to send for her, and he died without sparing her a word of kindness or reconciliation. As is well known, he gave directions that his body should be buried in exactly the state it was in at the time of his death; and round his neck, buried with him, hung a locket containing a miniature of "my Maria Fitzherbert, my Wife, the Wife of my heart and soul."

A LOVER OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE

Lectures and Essays. By ALFRED AINGER. In Two Volumes. (Macmillan, 15s. net.)

IN these volumes Canon Beeching has collected what we might call the flotsam and jetsam of the late Canon Ainger's literary work.

Ainger began writing, when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, about 1859, and his last article was published in 1896. During the time between these dates his life was full of intellectual activity, and he seems to have given a vast number of lectures as well as being a contributor to various magazines and newspapers. The subjects he has dealt with in the first volume are very largely Shakespearean; in the second they are more of a miscellaneous character, ranging from such particular studies as "How I traced Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire," to such general essays as "Books and their Uses." It would be tedious, even if it were practicable, to examine these compositions

in detail. Those that were meant for oral delivery have suffered from being printed, for the lecturer clearly understood the difference between the written and the spoken word. They are entitled to a welcome chiefly because of their perfect wholesomeness in every respect. In Canon Ainger the theologian was always present, even when most concealed, and he is continually seeking for the ethical teaching in the writers with whom he deals. It is true that he does not unduly emphasise the fact, but his very effort to hide that continual search of his for the moral lesson only helps to disclose it, and in our opinion it sometimes hampered his criticism. For example, in dealing with Shakespeare he shows effectively enough that Shakespeare had little idea of that fate, destiny or necessity that seems to brood over the work of the Greek dramatist, that power against which even the gods are powerless. But then he falls into an error, as it were, on the other side of the ditch:

"We recognise, on the contrary, that homelier law of necessity which says that what a man sows that he shall reap. Think of the miserable state of things that exists in the beautiful city of Verona—the wretched hereditary feuds between families, causeless, unreasonable, and unreasoning; the idle, talent-wasting frivolity of the young and fashionable—these are the toils in which the lovers are caught. It is man's folly and shortsightedness that brings about the misery of so many. Charles Lamb, who most assuredly was neither a puritan nor a sentimentalist, nor given to preaching, cannot help drawing the moral when he tells over the immortal story once again for children. Referring to the last words of the drama, he says: 'So did these poor old lords [Montague and Capulet], when it was too late, strive to outgo each other in mutual courtesies; while so deadly had been their rage and enmity in past times, that nothing but the fearful overthrow of their children (*poor sacrifices* to their quarrels and dissensions) could remove the rooted hates and jealousies of the noble families.' Such indeed is the moral, or, at least, *one* moral of the drama."

Here Canon Ainger has simply floundered out of one mistake into another, following too implicitly in the footsteps of Charles Lamb. It must be obvious to any reader that the two lovers had overcome, or were in the way of overcoming such difficulties as were presented by the family feuds into which they were born, and Shakespeare never showed his greatness better than in bringing about the catastrophe, not by a misuse of the mystical power which may be either fate or necessity, but by the primitive difference between man and woman, which we find again and again in his plays. It was the heroine who was the greater and the hero who fell short in the highest attributes of character. Whenever Shakespeare is at his best, it is human nature alone that he relies on, and apparently he had no vital belief in those unseen powers which were so much to the earlier dramatists. If ever he departed from this practice it was in the case of King Lear, and for that very reason there is a lack of naturalness and spontaneity about this play which we do not feel in the other tragedies. Hamlet and Othello and Macbeth find their way to dusty death by means which are inevitable only on account of their own natures.

But the saving grace in Canon Ainger was his appreciation of perfect language. In his critical estimates we think he very often wandered wide, perhaps owing to the exigency of having to lecture so much. We scarcely think any critic of the very highest rank would have been guilty of such an absurdity as that of mentioning the name of Mr. Stephen Phillips in the same breath with that of Shakespeare. His estimate of Sir Walter Scott is extremely disappointing, and perhaps most so in what he has to say about style. There is no need to repeat the fact nowadays that the narrative of Scott was not that of Fielding or Lesage; but then, as soon as he gets his characters into conversation, he is, even in the matter of style, unequalled. We say that, knowing quite well that out of his works hundreds of examples of stilted and formal conversations might be chopped, but we think rather of his more perfect creations.

Canon Ainger discusses Shakespeare's prose from the plays, and he ought to have discussed Sir Walter Scott's style from the conversation of a man like Andrew Fair-service, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Jonathan Oldbuck, or any of

that famous gallery of inimitable portraits. Had he done so, he would have found qualities in the style of Sir Walter Scott that no writer of any time has surpassed. His remarks on Scott's poetry too, can only be described as feeble, and evince a lack of discrimination which is accentuated by the inclusion of papers on such writers as Mrs. Barbauld. On the other hand it is remarkable that he has done more justice to Robert Burns than has ever been done by the fellow countrymen of the ploughman poet. Most of the eulogists of Burns dwell on his use of the native dialect, and assert that his best poems are written in it. Canon Ainger proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the command Burns had over literary English was greater than that of any contemporary writer. He quotes the last stanza from "The Vision" in proof of this assertion:

" 'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And like a passing thought she fled
In light away."

His comment upon it is:

"I cannot think that the writer of this last stanza—so nobly simple, so free from rhetoric, so musically perfect—had much to learn in the management of the English tongue; or the writer of such stanzas as these in the 'Jolly Beggars,' lines which have never been rivalled in sheer force by any Englishman, unless it be Jonathan Swift—

"A fig for those by law protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest."

"What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where."

"Life is all a *variorum*,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have characters to lose!"

Canon Ainger says:

"I can never think that to the man who wrote those lines English was 'a foreign tongue.' The truth is, that when Burns was deeply moved, or carried away by the whirlwind of his prodigal fancy, he forgets models altogether, and among them models of English, and becomes as modern and universal as Shakespeare himself became under like conditions."

This is a fine and true criticism, and it points to what a great part of the work done by Canon Ainger was, namely to show a popular audience the difference between a fine use of the English tongue, our noblest heritage, and the slipshod stuff on which the multitude are fed.

HIGHER AND LOWER CRITICISM

- (1) *The Higher Criticism*. Three Papers by P. R. DRIVER, D.D. and A. F. KIRKPATRICK, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.)
- (2) *The Failure of the Higher Criticism*. By EMIL REICH. (Nisbet, 6s.)
- (3) *An Introduction to the Old Testament*. By JOHN EDGAR MCFADVEN. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)
- (4) *The Expositor*. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D. Vol. xi. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)
- (5) *Complete Index to the Expositor's Bible*. By S. G. AYRES, B.D. With Preface to the Expositor's Bible, by W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D., and Introductions by W. H. BENNETT, D.D., and WALTER F. ADENEY. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

If the numerous people who write to the papers about the "Higher Criticism," without having the least notion what is meant by the term, would each expend a shilling on the pamphlet by Dr. Driver and Dr. Kirkpatrick (1), they would be in a better position to discuss the subject. These three short papers are not new; Dr. Kirkpatrick's

was read at the Church Congress three years ago, and one of the two by Dr. Driver is five years old. But they are nevertheless both fresh and opportune, and differ from much that is written on the subject, not only by reason of the exceptional competence of their writers, but also because, as Dr. Driver says, they express "views which have been formed deliberately long ago and held by each of us for many years." In a short preface Dr. Driver gives a much-needed definition of "Higher Criticism." Criticism, he points out, is the power or art of distinguishing. It is first necessary to settle the text of an ancient writing by the "lower" or textual criticism, and then it becomes the province of the "higher" criticism to "determine its origin, date and (if it be composite) literary structure, by distinguishing between the *data* available for the purpose." Historical criticism is yet another and a distinct form of the art. Although, of course, a given writer may be both a "higher" and a historical critic, the "higher" criticism, as such, deals with literary, not with historical, problems. Numbers of people seem to imagine that the higher criticism is a method specially invented to destroy the credit of the Bible; in fact it is but the application to the books of the Bible of the method employed in the whole field of ancient literature, and, like all other sciences, is but a higher form of common knowledge.

How much Dr. Driver's explanation is needed is shown by Dr. Emil Reich's book (2), which is an example of the "lower" criticism in another sense than that of textual. There is perhaps no easier path to notoriety than that of decrying all the great authorities on a given subject, and undertaking to set them all right. Dr. Reich's attacks on some of the most honoured names of modern scholarship are so virulent as to lay him open to the undeserved suspicion of personal bias. It is difficult to believe that Dr. Reich is really unable to distinguish between higher and historical criticism, and one is tempted to think that he deliberately confuses them in order to pretend that the conclusions of historical critics are based on purely philological considerations. It is equally difficult to believe that he really thinks these philological considerations to be so worthless as he says. If we were presented with a document written in modern English and claiming to have been composed in the thirteenth century, the least instructed of us would conclude that this claim was unfounded. If a writer mentioned the battle of Waterloo, no one would hesitate to infer that his book was written after 1815. The considerations by which the dates of the books of the Old Testament have been approximately settled are of precisely the same nature as these. The four main sources of the Pentateuch (or rather of the Hexateuch) are clearly distinguishable, and on nearly all important matters there is practical unanimity among scholars, whatever their religious views. The established facts of critical science cannot be disposed of by an *a priori* argument such as that of Dr. Reich, who is obliged to admit that the method which he condemns has been successful in other cases. The Masai legends, if Dr. Reich's information be trustworthy, are very interesting, but provide no sort of argument against the critical method. The critical science is not final any more than any other, and, as in the case of every science, some of its conclusions will have to be corrected by the discovery of new facts. But no new facts can ever restore the traditional view. The hypothesis that the Pentateuch was written at one time by one person is utterly irreconcilable with the Pentateuch itself. It is difficult to understand how Dr. Reich is able to say that, if the traditional view as to the dates and authorship of the books of the Bible is not true, the Bible is a forgery. Such a statement can be made in good faith only by a person wholly ignorant of ancient literature. But we wonder whether the whole book is not an elephantine joke, when we are solemnly informed that the higher critics are animated by anti-semitic prejudice! We feel that the height of outrageous absurdity is reached when we read in cold print that the critics are "the victims, or worse

[sic], of the same thoroughly unscientific and inhuman delusion that was, *in ultima analysi*, the real cause of the horrors of witch-trials and religious persecution." But we are mistaken, for on the last page Dr. Reich surpasses his previous efforts by declaring that "to deny Abraham is to deny Jesus"! As Dr. Reich justly says elsewhere, "it is difficult to refute the Higher Criticism." That is no doubt the reason why he resorts to rhetoric and claptrap, and appeals less to reason than to ignorance and prejudice.

An excellent corrective of Dr. Reich's sophistries will be found by those unversed in the subject in Mr. McFadyen's "Introduction to the Old Testament" (3), which is intended for those who have either no time or no inclination to study the standard works of criticism. Mr. McFadyen sums up accurately and concisely the established results in regard to each book of the Old Testament, avoiding positive assertion where the facts do not warrant it. The inexpert reader will get from this book in a small compass a clear idea of the results of criticism and also of the common-sense method by which they have been arrived at. Mr. McFadyen writes in a most interesting style: and successfully brings out both the human interest and the religious value of the several books. Such a book as this, written on popular lines and yet scholarly and accurate, was much needed, and Mr. McFadyen is to be warmly congratulated on his success in supplying it.

Mr. Alexander Gordon's two papers on Wellhausen in the eleventh volume of "The Expositor" (4) also afford a good criterion for testing Dr. Reich's accuracy, since the distinguished scholar of whose life and work Mr. Gordon gives so admirable an account is one of those most misrepresented by Dr. Reich. Another very good article in the volume is that by Professor Briggs on "Loisy and his Critics in the Roman Catholic Church," in which the writer effectively shows that some of the arguments used by critics of the Abbé Loisy—in particular those of the Abbé Frémont—"undermine and imperil the common faith of the Protestant and Catholic world alike." Of the many other interesting articles in the volume we may also mention that by Professor B. W. Bacon on "Papias and the Gospel according to the Hebrews," as bearing on the question of Biblical criticism.

The Index to the Expositor's Bible (5) seems to be quite adequate. But Mr. Adeney surely goes too far in saying that there is a growing tendency to connect the fourth Gospel with the son of Zebedee. No doubt English writers still cling to the traditional view, but Holtzmann and Loisy have to be reckoned with.

WHERE EXTREMES DO NOT MEET

Brother East and Brother West. By LEIGHTON LEIGH.
(Heinemann, 3s. 6d.)

ONCE upon a time, and since the greybeards of the present generation were born, novel and newspaper, sermon and serial voiced the cry of the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Steadily we seem to be arriving at the stage when these Children of Gibeon will have disappeared. The workers are all too busy following occupations whereby they do not "demean" themselves; or, failing such, are equally busy augmenting the ranks of the unemployed. So many Thomas à-Beckets were ready to rush into hair shirts and wash the feet of beggars, that there has been the usual result of pearls misplaced. The beggars had such a "royal time," that, not unnaturally, they mistook the cause of all this commiseration and became blatant. When hosts of Wests enlisted at the battle cry of "Defend the East and the Holy City therein," no wonder the same ungrateful East, instead of rendering service for service, sent these crusaders home with diminished ranks and worse evils. And now statesmen, philanthropists, sociologists, realise that the state of affairs must give us pause. We wish neither to bear those ills we have nor fly to others: the question of the moment is to discover the third course.

Our much vaunted system of education has filled our streets with hooligans and our homes with loafers. We stand aghast at that which we have created, and realise with remorse that we have reached no Sabbath, for the work of our hands is not good. We tried to muddle into success with our education of the masses, as with other portions of our legislation. Before we rushed headlong down the incline of Free and Compulsory Education we should have assured ourselves that we understood what education means. Education is no longer a preparation for life, but education in its narrowest sense is an end in itself. So we make it compulsory that "infants" should attend school; and from the infant school onward, time, money, the very life-blood of the nation, is zealously employed in developing the brain of the child. Working with the hands the thing which is good may have passed muster in Paul's time. In these days we should deem it pure fanaticism on the part of Gamaliel to encourage such ideas in so brilliant a pupil. To quote Mr. Leighton Leigh's "former housekeeper":

"There's a good few girls of Sixteen about Here but they wont go to service none of them, not even to Scrub their own Mothers floors and boil the Kettles was it ever so."

Do we want milkmaids? The farmer may ride the country side to be told with emphasis to keep a "civil tongue" in his head, for if the girls

"are stout enough, they're at the pitbrow, and if they're quick enough with their fingers and a headful of vanities, they takes the train and goes to Halifax or Liverpool as dressmakers and milliners, and if they're just ordinary there's always some factory open to them."

Is it a little scrubbing we want done? We are lucky if we can find a "charlady" who will come "to oblige." If we need workers on the farm, then we must draw on "the dregs of the earth" who are willing to "return to the land," after "three generations" in the slums. And having procured in their youth enough for "beer, baccy, and a bit on," why should they be provident? While Old Age Pensions are simmering in the legislative pot, is there not the "pallus" fit "for Princess Victory when she gets herself married," which led Mrs. East to exclaim: "If that's the work'us the sooner all the world gets there the better"?

The curse of the working man is that what he earns in a week he thinks he must spend in a week; that he has not been taught "how to eat, how to drink and when to put himself to bed"; of the working man's wife that her Board School education has not prepared her for cooking, scrubbing or sewing for a family. Nor do the daughters of the Easts need to do any household drudgery. Why should their mothers teach them to cook? Are there not sardines and tinned lobster; and, if anything more is needed, will they not learn to make egg snow and cheese soufflé at the cookery class? And will not the costly Technical Institute relieve the father East of any supervision of his boys?

Thus Mr. Leighton Leigh. But he offers something besides destructive criticism, and it would be ratepayers' money well spent if a free copy of these original and clever pen-sketches were presented to every county and borough councillor, manager, and head teacher, and were read as a Christmas holiday task.

YOUNG GERMANY

Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature. By GEORGE BRANDES. Vol. vi. (Heinemann, 12s.)

DR. BRANDES brings dead men to life. In this volume—the concluding one of six—he explains that his intention throughout has been by means of the study of certain main groups and main movements in European literature to outline a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century. But what he has really done is hardly foreshadowed by his own modest and rather colourless

description of his aims. It is nearly twenty years ago that we came upon his account of the Romantic School in Germany and made the discovery that men and women, hitherto mere names and dates to us, had once been real flesh and blood, creatures of their times and their surroundings as we are ourselves. From that moment it was impossible not to be interested in their work, their follies and their odd adventures. They lived in our imagination like people we have known, and we remember how difficult and dry it was to go from the glowing little volume to the big heavy ones where, as Dr. Brandes complains, we find the great men of philosophy and literature "all arranged and labelled, one looking exactly like the other." The sense for greatness is deadened, he says, "by the cold clammy manner in which the intellectually great are handled by those who write learned treatises on their work." Certainly we all have volumes on our shelves that we consult for a biographical fact and find sheer sawdust for any purpose beyond. But if we take down a volume by Brandes we read from the first page to the last. While we have read we have been in the magician's cave, and the spirits came when he did call for them.

In this volume Dr. Brandes begins by showing us the German political background early in the nineteenth century. The French Revolution had stirred all the peoples of Continental Europe to dream of freedom. The downfall of Napoleon gave the Continental Governments the opportunity they desired of putting an end to freedom. Briefly, the history of the first fifty years after Waterloo in Germany and Austria is a history of the struggle between governments trying to maintain power by repression and nations fermenting with modern ideas of liberty and progress. "The Liberal middle-class youth of the Germany of those days," says Dr. Brandes, "was as unprotected by the law and as much persecuted as are, in our days, the Socialistic youth of the fourth estate of the same country, or the Liberal youth of Russia." "It was a strong craving for liberty," he says in another place, "that first induced Heine and Börne to strike out a new path in German literature and afterwards inspired the writers who followed them and were known by the vague name of Young Germany." In fact, most people were so dominated by their political ideas and aspirations that they thought ill of a poet or a man of letters who did not devote himself wholly to expressing them. A serious literary war was waged in Germany over the question whether a poet ought to be a party man, and even an author so strongly actuated by a purpose as Heine was did not satisfy those who, like Börne, lived for their convictions. They applied to him the expression "wohl ein Talent aber kein Charakter" which he ridicules in "Atta Troll."

It was Byron who seemed to the men of that day an embodiment of all that they understood by the modern spirit and modern poetry. Goethe admired him, Heine was influenced by him, and Börne, that severe critic of his countrymen, was blind to the Englishman's faults. He calls Moore's "Life of Byron" wine that sends a glow of warmth through the poor German wayfarer. They saw in Byron the champion of the oppressed: his revolt against social custom, his love of liberty, his death as a liberator all made a strong appeal to their sympathies. The revolutionary political ideas of the time, Goethe, Hegel and Byron—these are the main forces that produced Young Germany. At first sight these Young Germans, with their subversive and often irrational tenets, would seem to derive little from the majestic calm and serenity of Goethe. But Dr. Brandes shows us how it was Goethe's theory of life that had, point by point, displaced the Church theory and taken possession of all the men of great instincts, of all the really gifted minds of the day. Their lives were shaped by the resistance they made to tyranny and custom, by their attempt to interpret human life, human relations, for themselves and to base their conduct on their own interpretations. The idea originated in Germany with Herder, descended from him to others, but was especially developed and applied by Goethe. "The Cult of Goethe,"

says Dr. Brandes, "leads by degrees even in the case of women to the cult of political liberty and social reform." As a matter of fact Goethe's philosophy of life was at first exclusively championed by those distinguished women whose names are remembered to-day as vividly as the names of the men they influenced. The inmost essence of the period was expressed in their personalities: their literary influence was directly personal, and they ruled men's minds though they produced nothing of importance themselves. Dr. Brandes devotes an interesting chapter to Rahel von Varnhagen, that elect spirit, to Bettina von Arnim, the child whom Goethe loved, and to Charlotte Stieglitz, whose suicide moved Germany, but reminds us, we must confess, of an Ibsen play parodied by Mr. Anstey. The poor lady married a half-mad poet who did not produce the great work she expected of him. In order to stir him to higher effort, believing that great poetry would arise out of his sorrow, she plunged into her heart the dagger she had given him to wear on their wedding tour. At this date the overstrained sentiment and the want of judgment shown by the unhappy woman strike us more forcibly than the pathos of her death. But it illustrates the emotional excitement prevailing in Germany then, and the encouragement found by ill-balanced natures in the moral and social ideas that, often half understood and wholly misapplied, had taken hold of them. What Young Germany desired was to make the laws of nature the rule of conduct, to release nature from interdict and law.

In its traditional acceptance the name "Young Germany" had not the wide significance given to it by Dr. Brandes in his present volume. It did not include Heine and Börne, for instance. The originator was a Ludolf Wienbarg who, in 1834, published a series of lectures which he dedicated to Young Germany. By that he meant all the minds that had broken with tradition in Art, Church, State, or Society: and his dedication appealed to many young authors who were not in league with each other and who soon went diverse ways. But they all held aloof from Christianity; they had been influenced by Hegel's ideas of liberty and by the Revolution of July, and they advocated the abolishment of the usual code of morals. The most able of these young men was Karl Gutzkow, but able men have been known before now to do silly things when they are little more than boys. He shocked his respectable contemporaries by writing a preface in praise of Friedrich Schlegel's "Lucinde," a dull and would-be immoral story best forgotten; and then he shocked them again by writing an immoral story himself, a story called "Wally, die Zweiflerin." Dr. Brandes says it is exceedingly weak, with a positively burlesque crucial episode. But it excited public indignation and gave the reactionaries their chance. Goethe's old enemy Menzel, the Stuttgart journalist, attacked the new school savagely; Gutzkow was thrown into prison; the German Police-Confederation stigmatised the whole group of authors to which he belonged as "immoral and injurious," and severe measures were taken to prevent the dissemination of their works. In this way the general public learned that Young Germany existed—began to take an interest in their ideas. These men played their part in preparing the nation for the Revolution of 1848.

With some account of the Revolution and of the political events leading up to it, Dr. Brandes brings his great work to a close. He devotes a whole chapter to the curiously complex character of Frederick William IV. of Prussia, and in a vivid passage he gives us the picture of the fickle king receiving the oath of allegiance from his citizens in 1840:

"... the citizens were to pay homage in the great square outside the so-called Lustgarten. But from early morning rain fell in torrents. For two whole hours the citizens stood outside the square, getting soaked through, whilst the king listened, indoors, to the speeches of princes, nobles, and clergy, and gave the rein to his own eloquence.

"At last he stepped out on the balcony. But on this occasion people were prepared to hear him speak; there was no question of improvisation. Berlin would have felt itself insulted if the king, who had made a speech at Königsberg, had received its homage in silence. And speak

he did. Every one could see the motion of his hands, but the size of the square and the sound of the wind and the rain prevented his words being heard. Every time he stopped speaking, the attentive crowd, imagining that the speech was concluded, broke forth in loud acclamation; but the king waved his hand and proceeded. The rain poured but still he spoke. All watched his gesticulations. Four times the multitude shouted 'Hurrah!' in the belief that he had done, and four times he began again. He promised to rule as one who feared God and loved man, with his eyes open when attending to the needs of the people and of the times, closed when called on to do justice . . . but the antithesis was lost in the whistle of the wind and the rain."

Eight years later his artillery was firing on his citizens in their streets, and his soldiers were brutally slaughtering them in their houses. But the day after these massacres he issued a proclamation "to his dear Berliners," explaining that the events of the day before had been the result of "an unfortunate misunderstanding." The king, like some of his subjects, seems to have been wanting in humour.

PIERCING THE VEIL IN MANCHURIA

A Staff Officer's Scrap-book during the Russo-Japanese War. By Lieut.-General Sir IAN HAMILTON, K.C.B. With Illustrations and Maps. (Arnold, 18s. net.)

ALTHOUGH in many respects a disappointing production, Sir Ian Hamilton's volume of extracts from his scrap-book, compiled while he was an attaché with the Japanese army in Manchuria during the recent war with Russia is a very welcome addition to the extensive but unsatisfying literature that has been the outcrop of the campaign. It is well known that the Japanese authorities regarded the Press correspondents who obtained permission to accompany them in the field as altogether unnecessary evils, and in the main they were treated accordingly. Not one of them, Japanese, British, American, French, Austrian, or German, but felt that reasonable, or what they themselves might consider reasonable, facilities were studiously withheld from them of exercising their calling and of keeping the world acquainted with the minutiae of events. For this attitude of the Japanese towards the representatives of the Press there is, of course, much to be said. But it would appear from the accounts that Sir Ian Hamilton now gives us that the corps of military attachés accredited to the Japanese field army in Manchuria fared but little better. At least, that is the impression that is forced upon anybody taking up "A Staff Officer's Scrap-book" and reading a few pages. Even to the distinguished British-Indian representative, the *doyen* of the entire corps of attachés, despite his exalted military rank and the Anglo-Japanese alliance to boot, a very limited area of observation was permitted. In certain instances Sir Ian Hamilton succeeded where others failed in piercing the veil of secrecy at least partially, but there still remain periods where even his narrative is scarcely as convincing as might be wished.

Sir Ian Hamilton was unfortunately not present at the battle of the Yalu. But he has collated an account of it on the spot, from those who took part in it, and conducted a close subsequent inspection of the ground that makes his description both interesting and valuable. From that point onwards until the battle of Yoshirei (July 31, 1904), where, for the present, the narrative ceases—to be resumed in another volume, should it be deemed to be required—there is a more or less consecutive story of the war. It is not, however, for this story that the public are likely to be most appreciative, but rather for the sidelights that are thrown upon the great pictures that have been drawn of the war; the silhouettes of Japanese military life, character and customs. These are of great importance, in view of the very close relationship that exists between the British and Japanese Governments. One would, however, have been far better pleased had Sir Ian Hamilton elected to place a check upon a marked tendency to prolixity and diffuseness in his style of writing.

Prefacing a series of "First Impressions" of the Japanese

military forces, Sir Ian Hamilton describes how exactly a fortnight after his arrival at Tokio, before he had been permitted to see any troops except in their mobilisation stage, he had, in letters despatched on April 1, "staked" the "last few shreds" of his military reputation "upon a forecast that the Japanese army will beat the Russian army wherever they meet on terms even approaching equality."

"Further," he says, "I have fairly let myself in for the opinion that the Japanese army, battalion for battalion, surpasses any European army, excepting only the British army at its best (not at its second best, which is the state in which it usually finds itself)."

He based this speedily-arrived-at conviction on a belief that "up-to-date civilisation is becoming less and less capable of conforming to the antique standards of military virtue, and that the hour is at hand when the modern world must begin to modify its ideals, or prepare to go down before some more natural, less complex, and less nervous type," a type "closer to nature" than that of "city-bred dollar hunters." While the Japanese were yet unspoiled, the Russians, he speculated, had:

"neither the habitude of war, nor, except perhaps when fighting defence of their hearths and homes, do they possess that inborn spark of martial ardour which will compensate in battle for many defects in character or physique. Least of all are they endowed with that independence of character and power of acting on their own individual initiative upon which modern war will henceforth make such high demands."

and he concludes his prediction with the remark that "the Japanese and Russian armies denote the overlapping of two stages of civilisation." This curious and somewhat daring forecast was very thoroughly fulfilled.

The time passed in the Japanese capital before the attachés were permitted to set out in order to join General Kuroki's First Army would appear to have been spent by Sir Ian Hamilton in making new acquaintances and in scribbling in a diary his impressions of them and the pleasing traits in their character. Of the military profession as a whole he assures us that it was "less touched by English influence or sympathy than any other body of Japanese opinion." That which does touch it is German or French. While journeying from Tokio to the Yalu, Sir Ian Hamilton received from a junior British attaché, Captain Vincent, an unusually interesting description of a Japanese landing at Chinnampo, and incidentally we learn that the infantry, according to British ideas, entered the field in very heavy marching order:

"In addition to his ordinary blue cloth overcoat each soldier wore a thick brown cloak, with a sheepskin collar, and carried a red blanket knapsack, haversack, water-bottle, entrenching tool, section of a *tente d'abris*, spare boots, straw sandals, small rice basket, cooking-pot, as well as, of course, his rifle, belts, pouches and bayonet."

It was on the march from Chinnampo to the Yalu that the military attachés began to notice that their "bear leaders," Lieut.-Col. Satow and Captain the Marquis Saigo, "were altogether too terribly afraid lest we should see something which we ought not to see."

Manchuria Sir Ian Hamilton calls "a real white man's country . . . well worth a seven years' war." The collated description of the battle of the Yalu calls for no special comment, especially as it reveals, or discloses, but little, if anything, more than that with which the public has for some time been well acquainted through the newspapers and the descriptions of eye-witnesses. One item which we cannot recall as having been noticed anywhere else is a summary of the military situation, as accepted at the Japanese headquarters, on the eve of the battle. It is as here shown:

(1) The strength of Kuropatkin's field army was less than half what it was supposed to be by the outside world.

(2) He was unable to send as much as one-third of this field army to the Yalu.

(3) Less than one-half of the Russian troops actually on the Yalu were, thus far, concentrated opposite the concentrated Japanese army to dispute the passage of the river.

(4) The handful of men who were actually on the ground,

prepared to fight what may well turn out to have been one of the decisive battles of the world, were not generally considered Russia's best troops, or a fair representative sample of her army.

In the battle, Sir Ian Hamilton affirms that

"the Russians never had a chance, but just for the first ten minutes the *rafale* of their quick-firing artillery enabled them to look dangerous to the anxious headquarters staff and infantry looking on at a distance."

Of the Russian marksmanship we are told that

"the Russian soldier is the worst shot existing in any great army in Europe. . . . He gets but few rounds for practice, and these are mostly fired in volleys."

It was, the General opines, lucky for the Japanese that opposite to them, behind the parapets, they had volley-firing Russians "instead of a few hundred Boer sharpshooters." Then again he says:

"The famous Russian position on the Yalu was fairly in Japanese hands . . . at the surprisingly small cost of some three hundred casualties. I repeat that if the Russians had been marksmen and had so posted themselves as to offer a less perfect target for the Japanese artillery they should have accounted for, at the very least, five times as many of their opponents."

Sir Ian Hamilton has a good deal to say, some of it very pertinent indeed, about the failure of the Japanese to follow up their success at the battle of the Yalu.

"As for the cavalry, Russian and Japanese, they did nothing," Sir Ian Hamilton remarks, "which seemed very much to surprise some of my friends." Then he adds:

"To one who holds, as I do, that the day has passed when cavalry of Frederick the Great type can hope to produce any effect on the field of battle, this was not surprising, but quite natural and just exactly what was to be expected. Cavalry trained to act as good solid infantry, when dismounted might have done much, either on the Russian or Japanese side, at the battle of the Yalu, and afterwards; but even the warmest advocate of shock tactics and swords must allow, when he follows the course of events on this occasion, over the actual ground, that there was no place or opportunity where the horse could possibly have been of any value except to bring a rifleman rapidly up to the right spot."

These views are those of the extreme anti-cavalry school—views that meet with far from general acceptance even amongst infantrymen like Sir Ian Hamilton—and they have seldom been so freely expressed.

Unquestionably one of the most absorbing passages in the entire volume occurs towards the close of the chapter in which General Hamilton describes the battle of Yashirei:

" . . . Throughout this campaign I have been anxiously watching, I hope in no spirit of envy, but with deep professional interest, to see if the moment would arrive when I could honestly exclaim, 'Our fellows would have gone one better!' Thus far, except as regards a few mechanical details, such as road-making, heliographs, etc., and certain tactical matters which must always remain matters of opinion, I have had to answer my own question negatively, in so far, at least, as the infantry is concerned. But—when I viewed the little hollow, where the lines of the opposing marksmen were clearly marked out to a man, by the piles of empty cartridge cases—then at last I was able to recall with pride the prolonged fighting at one hundred yards range; the bayonet charge of the Devons across just such an interval, and such a piece of ground—the loss of all the company officers and one-third of their men in a few seconds—the piercing of the enemy's line, and his complete overthrow. On this occasion at any rate, then, I feel we have no reason to shrink from a comparison."

Sir Ian Hamilton's second volume will be anxiously awaited.

AMERICAN TRAVELLERS

English Hours. By HENRY JAMES. With illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. (Heinemann, 10s. net.)

THERE are several reasons why one cannot think, or speak, of Mr. Henry James as the typical American in Europe. He has an old-standing quarrel with Boston, and he has long lived at Rye. That is one reason. Another is that American travellers are not uniform but various in their points of view, and that, if we are to classify them, we shall require at least three classes, to say nothing of a number of sub-divisions. There is the comic type, repre-

sented by Artemus Ward and Mark Twain—shrewd critics of our ways and institutions, but gaining access to the House of Wisdom through the back-door of buffoonery. There is the journalistic type which strikes the "personal note" loudly, as it were on the big drum, and "interviews" all the celebrities which it encounters on its path. Examples are Ticknor and N. P. Willis—he who abused the hospitality of Lady Blessington, drew a disdainful letter from the first Lord Lytton by his personalities, and afterwards apologised with a humility that was sickening and fulsome. Finally there is the man of letters who has for the antiquities of England something of an Englishman's respect for the antiquities of Greece, and who goes about with a sensitive mind, garnering and recording impressions. Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Mr. Henry James are the chief of these; and Mr. James is the most appreciative and sympathetic of them. In particular it may be said that his greater sympathy distinguishes him from Hawthorne who, from various causes, was rather unhappy and uncomfortable here. For one thing, Hawthorne came here at a time when international prejudices were lively—when Dickens had given more offence than he had intended by his "American Notes," and when a story was in circulation to the effect that the American Minister had received the remonstrances of the Lord Chamberlain for expectorating on the floor of Saint James's Palace at a *levée*. For another thing, Hawthorne was hampered by a Puritan and provincial up-bringing, and was by nature and predilection a recluse, so that he felt ill at ease in that London society into which Lord Houghton tried hard but unsuccessfully to launch him. In his dreamy, etherial way, therefore, he took his revenge by saying things about England which were generally unpleasant, and sometimes glaringly unjust. Among other things he said that English women—and even English girls—reminded him of beefsteaks. No remark of that sort ever came, or conceivably could come, from the pen of Mr. Henry James. Bluntness is impossible to him. He insinuates his criticisms, and such pain as they have sometimes caused has been felt not in England but in the United States. Perhaps his manner is sometimes a little too obviously that of a guest writing of his hosts. There are moments when we feel, in reading him, that we should prefer a clear-cut opinion, even if unfavourable, to a courteous reticence. But, in the main, he convinces us that, even when he pays compliments, he is sincere. He has written, at times, as though, having discovered the Eastern hemisphere, he felt it necessary to apologise for the existence of the Western. He has spoken of the first-rate Americans as "provincial," and of the second-rate Americans as "parochial." He has poked fun at the narrowness of New England life. That was why Boston, zealous for the fame of Emerson, and Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller, was angry with him twenty-five years ago, though it was only the natural result of acquiring a new point of view too suddenly. For the instant Mr. James was dazzled by Europe, much as a countryman is dazzled when he goes for the first time to a town. He gradually got used to the new things which he saw, and ceased to insist upon the sharpness of their contrast with the things which he had previously seen. In this collection of his travel papers he seems to see beautiful pictures with blurred outlines. His essays and Mr. Pennell's drawings are appropriately bound together for that reason. Moreover, he always writes with admirable taste, if sometimes with excessive subtlety. The few things in English life which he dislikes are things which cultivated Englishmen are also capable of disliking; and he is happily capable of tense and sustained emotion in circumstances in which habit leaves too many cultivated Englishmen cold.

The essays originally appeared in various periodicals, and have, the prefatory note tells us, already been reprinted: "the earliest in date more than thirty years ago; the others, with the exception of two, more recently, in a volume entitled 'Portraits of Places.'"

TROLL'S GOLD

O I stood by the water-side
And heard the stream run by,
I saw the gnarled trees stand dark
Against the pale gold sky.
And I saw at the grey twilight
In the dark o' the lone glen
The Trolls, with their earthy faces,
That buy the souls of men.

They have not known men's laughter,
They have not seen sunshine,
They have not heard thro' the spring wood
The blackbird whistle fine.
They have not heard the sea's song
Nor the wind through the young corn;
They have not looked on the good day
Since the hour that they were born.

All in the dun dusk o' the night
The stream ran noisily.
A weary wind came moaning up
Beside the grey thorn-tree.
With their strong kists upon their backs,
And faces grey with mould,
The Trolls came up out o' the earth
That buy men's souls for gold.

C. FOX SMITH.

THE MISER IN LITERATURE

"SELF-LOVE and self-interest," says Balzac—who has drawn probably the most finished picture of a miser in all literature—"are the only motives to action in which a miser believes, and these are both manifestations of egoism. Hence, perhaps, the prodigious interest which a miser excites when cleverly put upon the stage." Balzac's inference is ungenerous; the miser does not stir his audience more than does the prodigal, and a high-minded hero moves them more than either. Nor are misers the only people who believe exclusively in self-regarding motives. Aristotle held avarice to be more natural to mankind than prodigality, "for men are fonder of keeping than of giving." Possibly; but to be miserly is not the same as to be a miser. Sir Pitt Crawley was miserly, who wrangled with old Tinker over "the farden," but he had pursuits which forbade inviolable saving; the genuine miser subordinates all other ends to his ruling passion. The miser is the narrowest of all human types, yet not the easiest to portray. He is something of a monster, a curiosity, and therein lies his attraction, not in that appeal to our egoistic feelings where Balzac finds it.

Charles Lamb contended that the art of being a miser had decayed since the discovery of banking. Facts do not bear him out, yet the vice was doubtless more prevalent when men habitually stored their "good red gold" in a pot and kept it buried, for safety, in the back garden. There was the miser's true delight, to get up at midnight when the house slept, unearthen his store and count over his coins, lovingly and with deliberation. The miser is, of course, of no one race or clime: but there is evidence to show that niggardliness was particularly common in the Latin stock, and has descended to at least one modern race, in whose country Latin influence prevailed and in whose veins is a tincture of Roman blood. There is a curious passage in Vergil, the real drift of which seems to have been overlooked. The poet is speaking of the dwellers in Tartarus, and amongst them he enumerates those

"qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,
Nec partem posuere suis, quae maxima turba est"—

"who brooded in solitude over treasure-trove, nor spared a portion for their families; and these be a very great company." Truly, a very great company, for more treasures are hidden than are found, and yet how numerous were the finders! And the hidens, who from misadventure, lapse of memory or death were unable to reclaim their own, must obviously have been more numerous still. It was a common failing, then, this avarice: and its classical type is Euclio, the character who gives his name to one of the comedies of Plautus. Euclio's conduct is all that one would expect of a miser, except in just one incident—that in which he slays his own rooster because that innocent fowl, by scratching at the soil where the crock of gold was hidden, seems to be betraying his master's secret. How Euclio must have tormented himself, when he cooled down! If it was not killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, it was a step in that direction.

Euclio is excellent: but he must yield the palm to Molière's miser. Molière was certainly indebted to the elder writer. For instance, there is in each play a scene in which the young scapegrace tries to give the miser to understand that he has stolen his daughter's affections, and the two fall to cross-purposes, because the miser is thinking of his gold, not of his daughter. But Molière did not need to go back to Roman times for examples of niggardliness. "There are people," wrote La Bruyère, "who are badly housed, badly dressed and worse fed: who expose themselves to all weathers, rob themselves of society, and pass their days in solitude; whose minds are in constant apprehension; whose life is a continual penance, and who have thus found the secret of going to their grave by the most painful road: these people are misers." It can hardly be doubted that some of these persons had come under Molière's observation: he must have marked the calamitous effect of this vice upon its victims and upon those with whom they came in contact. And so he wrote "L'Avare," and his Harpagon is the most convincing portrait of a miser, pure and simple, ever given to the stage. Consider that agony of Harpagon, which inspires repulsion, yet something like pity too, when he finds his money has been stolen. It is an outburst of extreme affliction, however inadequate and unworthy the cause. You cannot laugh at it, for misery is never laughable: you draw a breath of relief when the tremendous tirade comes to an end, closed only by the speaker's exhaustion. "I'll have every one hung for this: and if I don't find my money—I'll hang myself too!"

We need not suppose the picture overdrawn. Thrift is pre-eminently a French virtue, and thrift may easily degenerate into niggardliness. Our English misers have commonly been solitaires, and it is difficult to find a place for a solitary in the drama. If it be asked, who is the English Harpagon, the answer is, there is none. There is Ben Jonson's Volpone, an unscrupulous hunter after gold; but then he does not love it for itself, as Harpagon does, but for the luxuries it can purchase. Volpone is so un-sympathetic a character that there is no reason to regret his having quitted "the loathed stage," as Ben exhorted himself to do. There is Shylock, too. Certainly he was miserly. "I am famished in his service," says Launcelot: and then adds, in that Malapropian way of his: "You may tell every finger I have with my ribs." But, setting aside the fact that he is not English, he is so much else besides miserly. His power of hatred and his thirst for vengeance are his more salient traits. Besides, unlike Harpagon, he loved his daughter as well as his money-bags.

"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!"

So, for a dramatic picture of unmixed avarice, Molière's miser holds the field.

If we look for its companion picture in fiction, we shall not be far wrong in choosing Old Grandet, one of Balzac's most powerful creations. Grandet, like Shylock, had an only daughter and heiress: but his natural affection for her was withered by the lust of gain. Eugénie Grandet, more tender than Jessica, never quite ceased to love her

father, in spite of all he made her suffer. The wretched economies among which she was brought up seemed to her a part of the natural order: she had known nothing different. But love opened her eyes, love for a cousin suddenly and terribly bereaved. "That fellow is good for nothing," said old Grandet: "he is so much taken up with dead folk that he doesn't even think about the money." Eugénie shuddered to hear the most sacred of sorrows spoken of in such a way: *from that moment, says Balzac, she began to criticise her father.* Hapless Eugénie! The miser's vice consumed not himself only: it poisoned the air they breathed for his meek wife and his heroic daughter. Such was Grandet's life: and, when death drew near, his one thought was for his treasures; his repeated question: "Are they still there?" The closing scene of all must be set forth in an echo of the master's own words. "When the curé came to administer the sacrament, all the life seemed to have died out of the miser's eyes, but they lit up for the first time for many hours at the sight of the silver crucifix, the candlesticks and holy water vessel, all of silver. . . . As the priest held the crucifix above him, that the image of Christ might be laid to his lips, he made a frightful effort to clutch it—a last effort, which cost him his life. He called to Eugénie, who saw nothing; she was kneeling beside him, bathing in tears the hand that was growing cold already. 'Give me your blessing, father,' she entreated. 'Be very careful,' the last words came from him. 'One day you will render an account to me of everything here below.'"

There is nothing in the word miser which connotes parsimony: it merely means a miserable man: yet, in view of such a death-scene, our language is not far wrong in giving the word its present restricted meaning.

H. C. M.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.—BOOKS FOR BOYS

If the "mantle of Henty," about which we have heard much, has descended on anybody, it has descended on Mr. Herbert Strang. Captain Brereton, Mr. Robert Leighton and Mr. Cuthbert Hadden are all, to some extent, copyists. Mr. Strang is no imitator, and between his work and Henty's there is this distinction, that whereas Henty, the writer of yesterday, patronised his readers, patting them on the back, Mr. Strang, the writer of to-day, does not. His writing is pre-eminently healthy, and "Tom Burnaby" and "Kobo"—the best books of their season—have a worthy successor in "The Adventures of Harry Rochester" (Blackie, 5s.). The hero, driven by the death of his father to seek his fortune in London, is kidnapped and carried on board a ship bound for the Barbados. He escapes, of course, as all heroes must, and takes service with a Dutchman who is contractor to the allied forces in the Low Countries. A daring feat while on convoy duty wins for him a commission in a Dutch regiment, and he fights at Blenheim and comes into contact with Marlborough and Eugene. There is some good character-drawing and plenty of adventure and romance in the book, and the reader—girl or boy—is not likely to lay it down till the last page has been turned. —In "Kobo" Mr. Strang pictured the Russo-Japanese War from the winning side; in "Brown of Moukden" (Blackie, 5s.) he approaches the same subject from the Russian side. Brown is the victim of a conspiracy to connect him with the betrayal of certain military secrets to the Japanese: he suddenly disappears, and his son Jack is left friendless in Moukden. Caught up in the whirlpool of the war, Jack passes through many strange adventures, which are related with the same spirit and intimate knowledge of the East that made "Kobo" a marked success. We rank Mr. Strang above Henty in many respects.

Captain F. S. Brereton is a persevering author who has

conquered most of the faults which marred his earlier books, and "A Knight of St. John" (Blackie, 5s.) is rather better than its predecessors. Martin Trentall sets out to take part in the defence of Havre, but it is only after fierce fighting that he enters the fortress, bringing with him a much-needed supply of food. He assists in the defence of the breach, wins high honour, and is afterwards sent on a mission to Malta, which is besieged by the Turks. How he enters this fortress and, having fallen captive to the Algerines, escapes, we leave the reader to discover. "A Knight of St. John" is a manly book, and the same may be said of Captain Brereton's "A Soldier of Japan," also published by Messrs. Blackie at 5s. The opening incident of the Russo-Japanese War comes as a surprise to Valentine Graham and his father. Their junk lies near Port Arthur, and, in spite of their signals, is heavily shelled. Rescued by the Japanese, and indignant at their treatment by the Russians, they join the Mikado's forces. Valentine takes part in a dash upon Port Arthur, is captured, escapes, joins a band of Hunhuse brigands, encounters the Cossacks, and a week or so later falls in with Kuroki's forces and is present at the battle of the Yalu. Captain Brereton combines a talent for storytelling with sound military knowledge.

"Trafalgar Re-fought" (Nelson, 6s.) is the joint production of the late Sir William Laird Clowes and Mr. Alan Burgoyne, and certainly deserves to be popular, for it presents in narrative form the story of the great battle in nearly the same aspects as obtained on the day when Nelson met and beat Villeneuve. A few small modifications have been introduced, since all the ships are modern, their arms and armour of the latest pattern, their speed no longer a fickle element dependent on the winds. But "Trafalgar Re-fought" follows sufficiently closely the lines of the original campaign to give to every one who reads it a very fair knowledge, in outline at least, of how the great naval victory of a hundred years ago was led up to and won. It is upon Mr. Alan Burgoyne that the bulk of the work has fallen, owing to the death of Sir William Laird Clowes, and he is to be congratulated on a volume that has few superiors among the boys' books for this Christmas.

Of the other writers on Nelson, perhaps the best is Mr. Robert Leighton, though the quantity of blood which bespatters the pages of "With Nelson in Command" (Melrose, 6s.) may revolt squeamish people. His book is mainly concerned with the fortunes of Ben Jerningham, who is "pressed" by a party from H.M.S. *Invincible*. In the sixth chapter he rescues a man who jumps overboard, and the pair are rescued by a boat in which is Admiral Lord Nelson. The advice which the gallant Admiral gave was: first, implicitly obey orders; second, consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your King; third, hate a Frenchman as you do the devil. Ben Jerningham, we are afraid, stood little in awe of the devil, but he put the advice into practice, and found it a sure road to success. —Next in order of merit comes Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, and in "The Nelson Navy Book" (Blackie, 6s.) he tells how England began and steadily expanded by sea-power; how the foundations of our vast Empire were laid by the spirit of naval adventure and the desire to explore the distant seas; and how Britain came into conflict with Dane and Dutchman, Spaniard and Frenchman, and subdued them after many a stout fight. The book, a companion volume to the "Red Army Book," which achieved considerable popularity a few years ago, is well written, and will hold the reader's attention to the end. —Mr. Albert Lee's "Famous British Admirals" (Melrose, 6s.) is equally good and equally interesting. It opens with the first British admiral—Alfred—and has chapters on Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Drake, Thomas Cavendish, Robert Blake, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, "Old Benbow," Sir George Rooke, Lord George Anson, Lord Hawke, Rodney, Lord Howe, Viscount Hood, Jervis, and Nelson, which should arouse a spirit of patriotism in every boy who is fortunate

enough to number it among his Christmas presents.—Much the same ground is covered in Mr. Arthur Temple's "Kings of the Quarter-Deck" (Sunday School Union, rs. 6d.)—an excellent and unpretentious little book. The Kings in question are Benbow, Rooke, Anson, Boscawen, Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Hood and Nelson.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn must be as old a writer of boys' books as Henty, and he has established a reputation which will not suffer by the publication of "Shoulder Arms!" (Chambers, 5s.). It is a tale of two cousins, one of whom, Bert by name, early in the book falls off a mule and injures his spine. He is summoned to India in the hope that the tropical climate may effect cure, and Lang, his cousin, stows himself away on the steamer which conveys the invalid. When the two boys arrive in India they are surprised and taken prisoners by a hostile Maharajah. There is no lack of excitement in the book.—"Steady and Strong" (Chambers, 5s.) is the title of a collection of short stories by Henty, George Manville Fenn, John Oxenham, Louis Becke, R. E. Francillon, Nigel Carlyle Graham and William Atkinson. We like best Mr. Louis Becke's "Luck."—In "The Green-Painted Ship" (Melrose, 6s.) Mr. Leighton reverts to the theme of Charles Reade's "Foul Play." It is unnecessary to say more than that in the second chapter Captain Simon Teach, of the *Albatross*, receives a letter of warning in which occur the ominous words: "Perhaps you've never heard tell of Crosby's coffins."—Of no little merit is Mr. C. W. Whistler's historical romance, "A King's Comrade" (Nelson, 5s.). The hero of the story is a Saxon thane, who is captured by the Danes, and after encountering many perils abroad returns to England and becomes a close friend of King Ethelbert.—From the S.P.C.K. we have received two capital little books, "Stories of the Crusaders," by J. M. Neale (3s. 6d.) and "Hugh the Messenger," by Gertrude Hollis (2s. 6d.), a tale of the siege of Calais.—"The Meteor Flag of England," by Gordon Stables (Nisbet, 5s.), and "A Son of the Sea," by F. T. Bullen (Nisbet, 6s.), smack of the Sunday-school.

We have headed our article "Books for Boys," but each of the volumes dealt with may safely be recommended to healthy-minded girls who are equally at home with Henty and a hockey-stick.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

FORLORN

It would be very interesting to inquire what is the most poignant and distressing situation that has ever been pictured in poetry. We know that the most haunting lines, those which sing themselves in one's mind at moments of acute feeling, have come from some memory of utter distress. The great poets are fruitful in such situations. One thinks first perhaps of Andromache dragged away after the death of Hector to be the thrall of some strange lord, but it seems to me that the makers of the old ballads were more successful than any others in attaining the vividness which imprints things like that on the memory. One or two situations appear to have been particularly favoured by them, and perhaps it is not strange that in the majority of cases it should be one of the weaker sex who is reduced to a state of utter despair and desolation. One thinks of the heart-cry of the woman in the "Queen's Maries."

"O little did my mither think,
The day she cradled me,
Of the lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee."

Here the distress of a woman absolutely forlorn is pictured in a single stanza, and it would be easy to multiply examples of the same kind. For instance, there is what is perhaps the most pathetic of the ballads, of which it is only necessary to quote the pitiful last verse:

"But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had ben sae ill to win;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
And, O! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!"

It reminds us in a curious manner of the triolet by Mr. Robert Bridges, who, perhaps, when he wrote it had some memory of the old ballad running through his mind:

"When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master;
Of more than common friendliness
When first we met we did not guess.
Who could foretell this sore distress,
This ir retrievable disaster
When first we met?—We did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master."

The suffering here is different in kind from that which is pictured in such a poem as "The Braes o' Yarrow." It is scarcely necessary to recount the incidents narrated in that unforgettable poem, which is equally fine whether the completion was the work of Sir Walter Scott or not. It is said that he wrote the first four lines; if so, he was most successful in catching the spirit of the old ballad:

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They sat a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning."

The climax of distress is reached when the "winsome marrow" finds the body of her knight:

"She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough,
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.
"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord,
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."
"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me, but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

Very much the same position is reached in the "Border Widow's Lament," the poem wherein we find a complete tragedy expressed within the space of a round score of lines. Well known though it is, I should like to quote the whole of it; but space forbids. The point to which attention is directed at the present moment lies in the last stanza:

"Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for ever mair."

In the "Twa Corbies" we get the stern reality without the softening effect of a woman's tears:

"As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'
"— In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight;
And naeboddy kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.
"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.
"Ye'll sit on his white haune-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.
"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

The charm of the ballads lies very much in the fact that they deal with those simple elementary griefs and joys that mean as much to the people who are civilised as they did to those who were rude and primitive. I often have thought, because the line so frequently comes back to my memory, that the very simple ending of "Chevy Chase" is one of the most pathetic in literature, "And this was the end of their hunting." But perhaps that may be because of the wide application which can be made of this phrase. How often and in what different circumstances is one able to say: "And this was the end of their hunting." If I were in a sermonising mood, but . . .

There is another very simple old ballad that has always seemed to me most affecting, but this may be because, when I was quite a child, it was one of those chanted to me by an old woman who could neither read nor write, and who had obtained a knowledge of ballads exclusively from tradition. The one I refer to is "Lord Randal":

"O where hae ye been, lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"—
'I hae been to the wild wood; mother make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.'—

"Where gat ye your dinner, lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"—
'I dined with my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.'—

"What gat ye to your dinner, lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"—
'I gat eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.'—

"What became of your bloodhounds, lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"—
'O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.'—

"O I fear ye are poison'd, lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"—
'O yes! I am poison'd! mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'—

It is not to my purpose to dwell upon it, but the same old woman who used to croon "Lord Randal" was also fond of repeating "The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes." I can almost hear her at this moment singing in her shrill broken voice:

"There were a troop of gentlemen
Came merrily riding by,
And one of them to the ewebucht has gaen
To see Mary milking her yows, yows,
To see Mary milking her yows, yows."

Another ballad whose distress has a haunting quality is "The Douglas Tragedy":

"Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o'er the lee."

"Light down, light down, lady Marg'ret," he said,
'And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand.'

"She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa'
And her father hard fighting who loved her so dear."

So the old balladist, as was his wont, shears away the most intimate human ties one after another and leaves the soul derelict and forlorn, stirring us at the same time to a livelier and more compassionate appreciation of those things of the spirit that are more than bread.

J. E. A.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "A Cambridge Mystic," by Edward Wright.]

FICTION

The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder, 10s.)

WE may as well confess at once that Elizabeth has enchanted us again: enchanted us against our reason. Her qualities seem to us to lie outside the realm of sober argument. Either she throws her spell over you, and then you follow with delight wherever she leads: or your temperament resists her spell, and then you take umbrage at her airs, and, in the present volume, at her ragged plot and occasional heaviness of phrase. We began to read in a critical frame of mind, and on the very first page we came across this sentence:

"Her mother, by birth an English princess of an originality uncomfortable and unexpected in a royal lady that continued to the end of her life to crop up at disconcerting moments, died when Priscilla was sixteen."

We stopped to deplore the sentence, but hurried on to see what happened to Priscilla. On page 4 we found this fascinating description of Kunitz:

"Kunitz is the capital of the duchy, and the palace is built on a hill. It is one of those piled-up buildings of many windows and turrets and battlements on which the tourist gazes from below as at the realisation of a childhood's dream. A branch of the river Loth winds round the base of the hill, separating the ducal family from the red-roofed town along its other bank. Kunitz stretches right round the hill, lying clasped about its castle like a necklet of ancient stones. At the foot of the castle walls the ducal orchards and kitchen gardens begin, continuing down to the water's edge and clothing the base of the hill in a garment of blossom and fruit. No fairer sight is to be seen than the glimpse of these grey walls and turrets rising out of a cloud of blossom. . . ."

That unbalanced us; and whenever we were torn from the book we thought with pleasure and impatience of getting back to it. The adventures in a little Somersetshire village of the runaway princess, her librarian and her maid, were so entertaining that their unreality did not offend us. When Priscilla requires a labourer's cottage with three bath-rooms and hires twenty-five cooks to prepare her cottage meals, when she is left without so much to eat as a lump of sugar, and when Fritz, her guide and friend, gets into money difficulties a simpleton might have foreseen, we reflect that this is a fairy tale and that in fairy tales things will happen oddly. In fact, we followed Elizabeth with joy until she murders Mrs. Jones. That struck a jarring note. To be sure, she hurries past the murder with averted eyes, but that only heightens the impression it leaves of cruelty and mischief. A Priscilla who was not a callous baggage would never have forgiven herself so easily for her share in it. But, of course, the murder did not take place. Violence and brutality cannot enter Elizabeth's world of poetry and happy fortunes. As she says herself, her inclination is to sing of crocuses, "of nothing less fresh and clean than crocuses." If a genuine admirer may say so, it is also her inclination to believe that their clear little smell is only to be smelled by the privileged few. Her distinction of soul has always been a trifle self-conscious, and we hold that it leads her astray when she makes a violent attack on Longfellow. Even if he is "defiling" to the literary taste he is not defiling to the mind.

The King's Revoke. An Episode in the Life of Patrick Dillon. By MARGARET L. WOODS. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

A NEW book by Mrs. Woods is an event of interest to all who care for the best in contemporary literature. As in her last work, "Sons of the Sword," she has once more devoted her rare gifts to an historical novel. Her king is Ferdinand VII. of Spain, whom Napoleon held in durance at Talleyrand's château of Valençay, in the heart of France, while the feeble Joseph Buonaparte reigned in Madrid. The story is concerned entirely with an elaborate plot to rescue Ferdinand and his brother, Don Carlos, and restore them to their faithful Spaniards. The British Government

is secretly engaged, and everything seems well prepared, but the conspirators have omitted one precaution, namely to obtain the king's consent to be rescued. At the critical moment he revokes; he will not go save on terms dishonouring to the beautiful Marquesa de Santa Coloma, with whom he has fallen violently in love. Mrs. Woods has evidently taken the greatest pains to draw a true picture of Ferdinand, the last of those old-world Spanish monarchs who alike in their dissimulation, their sensuality, and their religious fervour, are so incomprehensible to the British Protestant mind. At the same time she scorns the method of the modern machine-made novel, the manufacturers of which seldom trouble themselves about any background. The conspiracy is her background, and she exhibits its gradual building up in Spain, France and England with exquisite art. She seizes the very atmosphere of romantic adventure. Dillon himself, with his man's heart of courage and loyalty and his boy's beardless, innocent face, which enables him to carry off a female disguise, is a fascinating figure, and we look on almost with a sense of physical pain when he himself, *plus royaliste que le roi*, has his ideal devotion for Ferdinand shattered by the hand of his idol. Not less firmly drawn are the other conspirators—the Marquesa, the lovely child who, though always good and true, realises with amusing bewilderment the power of her beauty; her wily, villainous brother, the Abbé Diego; and Count d'Haguerty, the professional political agent. Nevertheless, in spite of the interest which "The King's Revoke" must arouse in every cultivated reader, we feel that Mrs. Woods's powers are in a measure thrown away on historical fiction—indeed, we would even say that this form is in itself a burden and a hindrance to her. Commonplace novelists are obliged to have recourse to the records of history if they are to supply, however imperfectly, the psychological insight and human sympathy in which they are themselves conspicuously lacking. It is obvious that Mrs. Woods is under no such obligation. In a story of contemporary manners, of which the characters and their fortunes would be under her absolute control, she would have scope for the full display of that combination of an exquisite literary style with imaginative power which is her special distinction as a writer.

Jacob and John. By WALTER RAYMOND. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

MR. RAYMOND remains faithful to his Somersetshire villagers, although in this novel he employs a larger canvas than usual and sets his story back in date. One of his characters remembers the landing of William of Orange and the hero writes an account of his adventures in Morocco that finds favour with Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The costume is of a bygone day and so are some of the scenes, notably the one in church where the parson craves British assistance to ransom and redeem English sailormen captured by the Admiral of Galee. Otherwise Mr. Raymond's country folk talk and act much as they do in his stories of modern life, and in spite of a spirited plot the prevailing impression is one of quiet charm. There is a fire and a captivity, a sudden death and a forged will; but none of these violent delights seem to disturb the steady progress of the story or the delicate development of the chief characters. We like John: but we like Jacob better. His miserly instincts are never exaggerated and their conflict with his affection for his grandson is most true to life. But best of all we like Hannah. Mr. Raymond must know that in her he has given us an uncommon, lovable and very subtle feminine portrait. On the whole this novel compares with some of the novels that make a noise in the world as a Dutch landscape compares with a theatrical poster. To those who have a little leisure and do not ask to be hit in the eye we warmly recommend it.

Beggars' Luck. By NELLIE K. BLISSETT. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

To any one who has read Miss Blissett's book, "The Silver Key," this novel will be disappointing. She has again

selected the seventeenth century for a romance flavoured with history, but the historical flavouring which before made a tolerably good piece of work, here merely helps one to place the story in a definite period. There is one brief, and not very satisfactory, glimpse of Cardinal Mazarin. Apart from this there is hardly anything in the book which might not be allotted equally well to any century which allows the writer sufficient latitude in respect of sword-play, stout henchmen, and baronial castles. Of course, there is a secret passage. These romances all have a secret passage. How, otherwise, could the hero escape? For half an hour with this book, "Beggars' Luck," we were at the tip-toe of excitement groping for the secret passage. We were rewarded. It is a chimney, which leads to a forgotten room, which opens on a stairway, which— But readers must look for themselves. The experienced will know the prescription, and will know that the dispensing is purely a question of permutation. Some authors begin with one ingredient, some with another; but always the mixture turns bright and clear at the end, and there is a mild precipitate of wedding. And so the phial is put on the shelf marked: "Romantic: for the Schoolboy or Young Person. A dose to be administered at Christmas, or on Birthdays." The pity is that with "The Silver Key" in one's memory one cannot give "Beggars' Luck" a special label.

The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel. By R. E. VERNÈDE. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

TEN thousand pounds is the sum with which Mr. Faviel backs his opinion that it is possible for a man to disappear entirely for a month. Mr. Blenkenstein lures him on to the wager for two reasons, each one excellent—the first is that the money would be a pleasant little addition: the second reason concerns Miss Judith Mallenden and rivalry. He intends to "nab" Faviel ten minutes after "time;" and detain him for a month, all but a minute, while he woos and wins the lady. He does neither—naturally. So we are started on a splendid game of hide and seek. What is more surprising than the hairbreadth escapes of Faviel from the clutches of the pursuers is the fact that Mr. Vernède is able by his cleverness and wit to keep up the interest of this chase from start to finish. He writes with just that light touch that is necessary. The most amusing players in the game are Jimmy and Butt. "A nice kind-hearted boy, didn't you say, Jimmy?" said Lady Mallenden. "Don't remember saying it," said Jimmy: "young Butler's all right if you leave him alone, and don't ask him to hand tea-cakes and that sort of thing. He doesn't care for women much. . . . Oh, he doesn't insist upon it for other people," adding—lest Butt's dislike of social life should cause him to be underestimated—"he's a jolly good place-kick." Together, and unwittingly, they rescue Faviel from a very tight place—at great risk—so great that Jimmy is called upon to remark: "Jolly lucky you weren't murdered, young Butt." But no one is: and this most amusing, well-written book ends exactly as such a book should end, with a gasp and a laugh and a desire to read another story by Mr. Vernède.

Display. By R. E. S. SPENDER. (Lane, 6s.)

THE title is enough to recommend its up-to-dateness. Display is the keynote of the Age. A four-guinea costume outside, and stockings at two pair a shilling, burned every Saturday night to save washing and darning: guinea lace coverlets on the beds, and calico sheets our grandmothers would have been ashamed to give the servants; a smart parlour-maid to answer the door, and an untrained little slattern of sixteen to look after the newborn child. Splash and dash; anything from a motor horn to a poodle's bell. We are not even satisfied to possess: we must call attention to our possessions. Superficiality in what we are pleased to call Education: no need to wade through the wearisome Classics of our own or any other land, for can we not, for a few pence, buy the Up-to-date-rapid-concise-pocket-encyclopædia-of-everything? But, to quote the Literary Man: "One can't be bothered with a

conscience in this twentieth century. Our digestions cause us quite enough qualms as it is." And this novel is, after all, for the learned. It presupposes not a mere nodding acquaintance, but a training in the Classics, not to say modern language, history, politics and the rest; so we advise the readers who are not of the Higher Education, like the Editor of the *Liberal Evening News*, to "look puzzled, and the Representative of Literature" will take it for "a mark of interest." But read it we must, for it will be talked about; and, not having read it, where should we be? Even our superficiality would not avail us.

Baby Bullet. By LLOYD OSBOURNE. (Heinemann, 6s.)

It seemed that the old romance of inland travel died with the posting horses, when the railways killed the coaches. It is difficult to make a heroic figure of a Ulysses whose journeying is done in a first-class smoking compartment and a single day. But the romance was only hibernating; and, after three-quarters of a century of sleep, posting inns, highwaymen, breakdowns far from food or lodging, all the hundred glammers of the road have sprung again into being at the hoot of the petrol motor. The road, after lying fallow through the drab years of steam, is again producing its sturdy crop of wandering adventurous tales, of which Mr. Osbourne's is no despicable example. For *Baby Bullet* is a motor car, a fifteenth hand "crock" of early French design, joyfully presented to two American ladies, a girl and a schoolmarm, who are discovered by the roadside wearily enjoying a tramp in England. The donor had been worried by *Baby* for a fortnight, after winning her in a half-guinea raffle at a Charity Bazaar, and actually runs away lest his gift should be thrust back upon him. *Baby* is in a state of sulks, and the two Americans climb into her, and hire a carter to tow them behind a furniture van. At cross-roads they meet another car, a gigantic and glorious machine, with the power of sixty horses, unfortunately unavailable, because her *mécanicien* has forgotten the gasoline. She crawls ignominiously at the tail of a plough-horse. The American owner of the big car borrows petrol from the American owners of the little, and tows them in exchange. The result is a week of wild romance and a thoroughly amusing book. All four principal characters are entertaining, the forgetful and enthusiastic French chauffeur most of all. The light, dexterous writing of the book pleases us like clever juggling, and we have nothing but admiration for the amazing and convincing neatness with which Mr. Osbourne couples for all eternity the chauffeur with the schoolmarm, the financier with the girl, and *Baby Bullet* with the Monster of the strength of sixty steeds.

FINE ART

JAN VERMEER AT SULLEY AND CO.

THE picture which has naturally aroused most interest at the Exhibition of Sulley and Co. is *The Letter* of Vermeer of Delft. Whilst the great masters always retain their place among connoisseurs, there are continually fluctuations in the vogue of those who are less pre-eminent, due partly to considerations not purely artistic—rarity, oddity, novelty. Since Burger rediscovered Jan Vermeer, interest has steadily grown in this rare artist's works, and now they stand in the estimation of the market at least as high as those of the best of his contemporaries. It seems strange to us that his work should have ever been confounded with that of other *genre* painters, Terburg, Metsu, de Hoogh, as his touch is more personal and peculiar than any.

We find all the characteristics to be expected in this picture of *The Letter*, the brilliant colouring, the square flat touch, and the rather wooden and unsympathetic drawing. We also find the one characteristic that most

interests a modern mind, the bold and original composition. Here, as in the masterpiece of the *Soldier with a Large Hat*, it lies in the suddenness of the jump from a figure quite close to one at a considerable distance. Terburg, who was a much more accomplished painter, would have bound them together more skilfully. There is an alteration in the handling of the distant figure which is not very happy. It is weaker and woollier and has lost brilliancy without gaining much in atmosphere. But, as a whole, the picture marks, as always, an artist who was strange and original without being affected, and who in certain matters of handling and colour appears startlingly modern.

All the pictures at Sulley and Co. are excellent of their kind, but I should specially mention the early Rembrandt, a portrait of his sister, with its glorious blond colour and sharply defined drawing; a fine example of a portrait by Goya, *Senora Dona Maria Martner de Puga*, and a beautiful portrait of a very ugly *Lady in a White Cap* by Antonio More.

FORGOTTEN PAINTERS

To students of the early British school of painting few exhibitions are so enjoyable and instructive as those held each winter in the King Street galleries of Messrs. Shepherd Brothers, for here one may always reckon to find not only worthy examples of the accepted painters of the eighteenth century, but works, often equally admirable, by artists whom time has robbed of fame, sometimes of name. The collection at present on view is particularly rich in this respect. Here, for example, is a fine three-quarter length portrait of *The Right Hon. Edward Goldney*, by Tilly Kettle, the contemporary of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney. From this specimen of his art one imagines that Kettle might have made a more abiding fame for himself, but he preferred travelling to setting up as a fashionable painter. He died in 1786 at the age of forty-six, and as a consequence of his roaming habits his best work is now scattered through the Empire.

In the large figure composition, *Gil Blas and the Canon Sedillo* (98), we make acquaintance with the work of a still more fascinating personality, F. W. Hurlstone, who enjoyed some fame at the beginning of the last century as a vigorous secessionist and anti-Academic agitator. Hurlstone was one of the most important witnesses who gave evidence against the Academy in the Parliamentary inquiry of 1835, and was suitably rewarded by his election the same year to the presidency of the Society of British Artists, an office he held till his death in 1869. What makes Hurlstone specially interesting to the modern student is the fact that he was the first English painter of any eminence to be strongly influenced by the Spanish school, and he was in a sense the forerunner of "that stout champion of Velasquez," John Phillip. This *Gil Blas* picture shows very clearly the result of his study of Spanish painting. The figures are built up by broad planes laid on in a vigorous, impressionist manner, which recalls the middle style of Manet. Hurlstone's work may not be a masterpiece, but few can deny its splendid vitality, while many passages of colour and the fine surface quality of the whole will rejoice those who appreciate "mere technique."

A view of Richmond in Yorkshire by Thales Fielding, a brother of the more famous Copley, and a portrait of *Sir Horace Mann* (81), by Zoffany, with a golden sky and a quite Old Cromish landscape background, which suggests that this artist might profitably have neglected portraiture for landscape, are also to be noted; but for sheer arresting power there is nothing in the exhibition to equal the magnificent *Lady in a Straw Bonnet* (82), attributed in the catalogue to "Painter Unknown." Here indeed is a masterpiece, whether it be the work of Raeburn, as seems possible, or of another. Nobody but a great painter could have handled such a colour-scheme with so triumphant a success. It is an object-lesson in the expression of textures.

Contrast the white of the watered silk bonnet-strings with the white of the muslin dress. And is not a rare insight into character shown in the rendering of the face? It is a wistful face, the face of one who has suffered much, but patiently and without losing heart. She is no Court beauty, but an honest dame—surely of Scottish descent—with a sympathetic smile, a gentle manner, and a ready wit. There are Romneys and Gainsboroughs at Messrs. Shepherd's, a rare figure-sketch of *A Village Maiden* by Constable, a Reynolds *Portrait of an Officer* gorgeously arrayed in scarlet, though out of uniform; but there is nothing more sumptuously painted, nothing so hauntingly attractive as this portrait of a fair incognita by "Painter Unknown."

MUSIC

NEW SONATAS

WHEN we trudge across high parkland on a brisk autumn morning, and the turf under foot is springy and the oaks shake their crisp, dead leaves in the breeze as if to show the tenacity of their grasp, it is the strong life underlying all nature that exhilarates us, while the outward decay of leaf and blade passes unnoticed except for the additional beauty of colour that it gives. Something of the same sort one experiences at such a concert as that given by Mr. York Bowen at Bechstein Hall on November 14. He announced a "Recital of Modern Sonatas," and played three, by J. B. McEwen, B. J. Dale and Glazounow. We have heard so much of the decay of the sonata, and even Sir Hubert Parry has said, "composers seem to be generally agreed that the day for writing piano sonatas is past," that it is undeniably refreshing to find a group of young musicians working as composers or performers in this form with an enthusiasm, which has at any rate nothing akin to pedantry about it. If the summer of the sonata is over and the vivid colours of modern instrumental music are an indication of its autumnal decadence, there are at least so many signs of virility in these compositions that we cannot doubt the power to put forth another spring, though at present it be far distant.

Mr. York Bowen's powers as a pianist are becoming well known in London; it is rather his musicianship, born of his studies as a composer, which enables him to interpret modern and, one must say, young works so as to make them perspicuous, almost convincing, at a first hearing. His task was not an easy one, but he was helped by an audience who had come to hear and to be interested and needed no arousing. It was, indeed, this atmosphere of eagerness about that most abstract of musical forms, the piano sonata, which was so remarkable at this concert. Of the two new works performed, the first, that by Mr. McEwen, is certainly the most mature; it is an honest attempt to write new music within the lines of the sonata, and it is very largely successful. To begin with, it is really a sonata, not a collection of fantastic, loose-limbed movements calling themselves by its name, but really depending for effect upon their picturesque features instead of thematic development, as is often the case. It consists of the usual four movements, of which the first, an Allegro, and the second a dirge-like, rhythmic slow movement, are the most interesting. The Scherzo is brilliantly successful and is full of quips and cranks; but that sort of brilliance is so easily achieved, that while we laugh and applaud it, we must not attach too great an importance to it. The last movement is very direct and easy to follow, and makes an effective ending. Mr. Dale's sonata, on the other hand, while it is less successful, seems to show greater promise of good things; its very non-success is partly due to an effort to reach further than he at present can grasp, and there can be no better failure than that. It is built on a curious plan which in itself betokens thought. There is a first movement in regular independent form; then the other three, labelled, "Slow movement," "Scherzo," "Introduction and Finale," are linked together

as variations on a theme first announced in the slow movement. Each of the three is a group of variations, and the whole is an ingenious attempt to impart homogeneity to the latter part of the sonata while retaining the identity of each movement. It is here that the matter for debate is found. The scheme is original and strongly conceived, but the execution of it fails very often. Mr. Dale shows that he has not yet "found himself" by his use of long passages which might have come straight from Chopin, but wherever he relies on his own individuality, his work is interesting. The ending is the best part. After a brilliant climax, the finale breaks off to revert to the slow movement subject in its simple form, which is followed by a quiet coda and a piano ending. One believes in a man who can end well; how few can, either in conversation, in literature, or in music! This sonata contains much that is diffuse and indefinite, but in the endings, both of the first and last movements, Mr. Dale shows a power of tersely summarising his argument in a manner which is far more effective than the most brilliant peroration.

Now, when one hears new works such as these by very young composers, one feels that whatever may be said of the outward shell of the sonata form, the spirit that prompts the making of such works is not dead and cannot die. While the dead leaves of obsolete forms still cling to the branches of our art, there is a striving after the realisation of new forms of pure music making itself apparent in many directions. Composers cannot rest satisfied with the illustrative music of which we have so much at present; it is useful while they are feeling their way towards a real musical form, but when they have found that, they will gladly cast their programmes aside and let their music speak for itself. Sir Edward Elgar has been lately blamed for extolling abstract music as an ideal, while he writes programme music. It may be unfortunate that one from whom we expect actions rather than words, should be called upon to speak in this connection, but he is surely not blameworthy for preaching an ideal which he has not yet attained. We shall be justified in looking to see how far Sir Edward Elgar's subsequent works reach forward towards the ideal which he sets up. Every piece of composition which emphasises the importance of constructive qualities, which grapples with the problems of balance, and has as its basis a definite musical plan, is a step in this direction whether it be labelled "Sonata" or "Symphony" or "In the South" or "Ein Heldenleben." It is no question of names and titles.

Programme music is, of course, a valuable and necessary means towards an end, that of abstract music possessed of a more complete range of expression than Beethoven or Brahms dreamed of; it is a means of which Sir Edward Elgar has freely availed himself. No doubt he has been wise to do so. Every step now, however, that he makes towards that end should be full of illuminating help to younger composers who, like those whose works I have been discussing, are already on the road. I am not sure that some of them are not already further advanced upon that road than he, but as his gifts of expression are far greater than those of most of his contemporaries, so are his difficulties in wielding them greatly increased. The appearance of an Elgar Symphony should be a great event in the history of music.

We hail with interest each new work which dispenses with titles and uses only the broader description, Sonata or Symphony, not as a link with the past, but as an earnest of the future; but even the loss of the name and the outward form may be, like the falling of the leaves, a promise of the new spring.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

ON November 30, Messrs. Methuen will publish Mr. J. C. Bailey's edition of Cowper, the illustrations to which include two hitherto unpublished designs by William Blake, the

only remaining part of a series made by Blake for a relative of Cowper, in whose family they have remained. Mr. Bailey provides a carefully corrected text of Cowper, with the poems arranged for the first time in chronological order. One poem and more than twenty letters will be printed for the first time in this volume. The same day will see the publication of Mr. Willfrid Whitten's edition of John Thomas Smith's "Diary for a Rainy Day, or Recollections of Events in the last Sixty-six Years" (1766-1832). The volume will be illustrated, and the edition is limited to 600 copies.

Sir Algernon West has written a Memoir of Sir Henry Keppel with the approval of the Admiral's family, and the book will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. on the 27th instant, with several portraits and sketches, including one of H.M. the King with Sir Henry. The family realised that a less cumbersome and more succinct narrative than the voluminous Diary already published was desirable: moreover that Diary in no way touched the last quarter of a century of the Admiral's life. The Memoir is dedicated by permission to His Majesty the King.

When the great scheme for the Nile dam involved a survey to set up marks whereby the rise of the Blue Nile could be annually gauged, the surveying party was accompanied by Dr. Hayes. In "The Source of the Nile" to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. on the 27th of this month, Dr. Hayes recounts his travels, and incidentally produces a very complete present-day account of Abyssinia, its geography, ethnography, social customs and religions, collating his own experiences with those recorded by previous travellers. The work is illustrated by two maps and thirty-two pages of illustrations, and it includes an entomological appendix by Dr. E. B. Poulton, Hope Professor of Zoology in the University of Oxford.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in the press a volume by Mr. Arthur L. Salmon, entitled "Literary Rambles in the West of England." It will include papers on George Borrow in Cornwall, Tennyson and Coleridge at Clevedon, Hawker of Morwenstow, Richard Jefferies, Robert Herrick, and kindred subjects.

Mr. John Lare announces for November 28 Mr. A. F. Calvert's "Moorish Remains in Spain," being a brief record of the Arabian conquest and occupation of the Peninsula, with a particular account of the Mohammedan architecture and decorations in the cities of Cordova, Seville, and Toledo. The book will be lavishly illustrated.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., who purchased Messrs. Isbister's business last year, though they intend to confine their publications chiefly to books of travel, biography, art, and theology, have also a few novels on their list this autumn. One of these, "Princess Joyce," by Keighley Snowden, will be published shortly. The scene is laid in in rural—or rather artisan—Yorkshire, and deals with characters of a class already made familiar to us by the same author in former novels.

The 1906 edition of "Who's Who?" will be published by Messrs. Black on December 8. It will contain two thousand more biographies than its predecessor; the number of a man's sons and daughters will be recorded, also his motor-car number, telephone number, and telegraphic address, where necessary. The other Year-Books published by the same firm, viz., "Who's Who Year-Book," "English-woman's Year-Book," and "The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book"—the last named just acquired by them—will all be issued about the same time.

Messrs. Brimley Johnson and Irce will issue immediately "The Two Arcadias," a volume of plays and poems by a new writer—Rosalind Travers—with an introduction by Dr. Richard Garnett, and a second edition of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "The Wild Knight and Other Poems," which will contain a new prefatory note by the author.

Under the title of "A Passive Resister of the Seventeenth Century," Mr. George Cuttle has compiled from the Diary of John Evelyn a series of extracts illustrating the passive resistance of the clergy to the decrees of the Government in Puritan times. A short note is added

giving some particulars concerning Evelyn's life and movements. Mr. Elliot Stock is the publisher.

Mr. Holman Hunt's work on "pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" will be published early in December by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It will be very elaborately illustrated with forty photogravure reproductions of many of the artist's most famous pictures, and besides these there will be over one hundred and fifty illustrations in the text. The book gives, for the first time, a true and complete history of the pre-Raphaelite movement and corrects the manifold inaccuracies of previous historians and commentators.

Mr. Marion Crawford's work on Venice has been in preparation for some considerable time. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. early in December under the title, "Gleanings from Venetian History," and will contain over two hundred pictures after drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

It will be remembered that Mr. Putnam Weale's previous book, "Manchu and Muscovite," created much discussion on its appearance soon after the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. His new book, "The Re-shaping of the Far East," which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., may be described as a sequel. It is in two volumes, very copiously illustrated by photographs, and forms a valuable summary of the political history of the last ten years in China, Manchuria, Korea and Japan.

The Macmillan Company are just issuing an elaborately illustrated volume entitled "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies," by Mr. James Outram. It is the record of experiences gained in the exploration of hitherto untrodden peaks and passes, and describes the grand natural scenery to be found along the chain of the Divide from Mount Assiniboine and Mount Columbia. The more notable "first ascents" of the Canadian mountains are also described.

"The Recollections of Mr. William O'Brien" is another book which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will have ready early in December. The author states that "these pages have no pretension to be the history of our times. They aim at nothing beyond recording incidents of which I have some personal cognisance." The author nevertheless brings a strong light to bear upon the inner workings of Irish politics during a stormy period. The figure of Parnell appears prominently in the book, and there are many intimate glimpses of the great Irish leader.

A new edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" with the author's own notes is announced for early publication. It will doubtless excite great interest among students of the poet; and the curious in such matters will now have an opportunity of comparing many published interpretations of the allusive passages with the explanations of the poet himself. Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers.

Mr. Kipling's charming story, "They," which appeared last year in "Traffics and Discoveries," is to be issued shortly by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in a volume by itself, with fifteen coloured illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend.

Mr. H. A. Evans's volume on "Oxford and the Cotswolds" will be added directly to the well-known "Highways and Byways Series." It treats of the hill country that lies to the North and West of Oxford towards the broad vale of the Severn and the Avon, the country, that is, that lies between the Cherwell on the East, and the fringe of the Cotswolds on the West. Mr. Frederick Griggs is the illustrator of this volume, as of most of the others in the same series.

Messrs. Witherby and Co. are about to publish a book on "The Birds of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight," by the Rev. J. E. Kelsall, M.A., and Mr. P. W. Munn, F.Z.S. No complete history of the Birds of Hampshire has hitherto been attempted, so that this work, the authors of which are both members of the British Ornithologists' Union, will be welcome. The book is illustrated from drawings by Mr. G. E. Lodge and photographs by Mr. Smith Whiting. One of the photographs—which portrays a bird

which has, we believe, never before been successfully photographed—is of exceptional interest. This is the Dartford Warbler, the only Warbler that is resident all the year round in these islands.

CORRESPONDENCE

MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with much interest in your issue of to-day's date the article by my friend, Mr Dobell, on "The Originator of Macaulay's New Zealander." There is an apparent inaccuracy in the article, which I think ought to be corrected. Mr. Dobell states that the second Lord Lyttelton "has never before received the credit that is due to him" for having written the anonymous volume of "Poems, by a young nobleman (1780)," which sets forth the reflections of an American traveller on the ruins of London in the year 2199. No one in all probability has drawn public attention to the variety of interest attaching to the volume so forcibly as Mr. Dobell. But neither the work nor its authorship is quite the secret which Mr. Dobell seems to think. The work is described as a genuine production of the pen of the second Lord Lyttelton in volume 34 of the Dictionary of National Biography. There the long title of the pamphlet is quoted at length, with some bibliographical particulars, which Mr. Dobell appears to have missed. Mr. Dobell will, I feel sure, agree with me that Mr. J. M. Rigg, the author of the article in the Dictionary, deserves this recognition.

November 18.

SIDNEY LEE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The interesting discussion in your columns has led me to look for an expression of the sentiment where it might naturally be expected to occur—in Volney's "Ruins" of Empires. There, sure enough, in the "Meditations" of the second chapter, we have an instance of the now familiar reflection. The author, gazing at the ruins of Palmyra, asks himself what has become of the hundred cities of Syria. And "where are those ramparts of Nineveh, those walls of Babylon, those palaces of Persepolis, those temples of Baalbec and Jerusalem?" For awhile he pleased himself with the idea that he had found in modern Europe the past splendour of Asia. But presently the further thought occurred: "Who can assure me that the present desolation of Eastern empires will not one day be the lot of our own country? Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations; who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?"

M. Volney was one of the Deputies to the National Assembly 1789. The date of the meditation appears to have been 1784.

GEO. ST. CLAIR.

PLAGIARISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A very wide and very difficult question has been opened out by the recent discussion in your columns: within what limits and under what conditions is plagiarism in literature and art admissible and justifiable? It may be doubted whether educated readers are always aware of the extent to which such plagiarism has been carried, or whether they have clearly faced the problem which it involves. Ruskin acknowledges that Turner in more than one of his great pictures has deliberately and avowedly copied Claude's sun and effects of sunlight. Mr. Balfour in his "Essays and Addresses" confesses that Handel was as great a master of plagiarism as of music. Probably some of Horace's most exquisite lyrics were borrowed from Greek originals; and it is certain that Plautus and Terence were wholesale plagiarists. Cicero shamelessly stole the titles of his greatest speeches from the greater speeches of Demosthenes. Virgil's masterpieces are saturated with plagiarisms, and in the greatest book of his greatest poem he has boldly appropriated from Ennius the famous line:

"Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem."

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," as every scholar knows, is steeped in Plutarch, and every reader can detect the plagiarism in Hamlet's speech: "I defy augury: there's a Providence in the fall of a sparrow." No competent judge can deny that "Lycidas" is one of the noblest poems in the world's literature; yet the whole conception and *mise en scène* of "Lycidas" is a vast plagiarism, to say nothing of the direct theft of such lines as:

"But not the fame,

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;"

or:

"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?"

Macaulay has pointed out that one of Dryden's most splendid and characteristic couplets

"For wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land,"

is stolen. Pope's "Messiah" and "Rape of the Lock," to say nothing of his avowed "Imitations," are smothered under borrowed plumes. Johnson was indebted to Juvenal for the whole framework of his two great poems. No one can doubt the imaginative power and originality of Molière. Yet whole scenes in his famous comedies were taken from his predecessors, and Sainte-Beuve has shown that in the most famous scene of "Tartuffe," one of his very greatest plays, he borrowed from one of the most masterly of Pascal's "Provincial Letters." Schiller in his "Jungfrau von Orleans" and Goethe in his "Hermann und Dorothea" have openly stolen from Homer; and what shall we say of "Faust," one of the greatest imaginative poems in the world's literature? Every reader of Wordsworth knows the line:

"The child is father to the man:"

but how many know that it is reproducing Milton:

"The childhood shows the man,

As morning shows the day?"

Scott's couplet:

"Till he wish and pray that from life he may part,
Nor yet find leave to die,"

is a poetical version of the words of the Book of Revelation: "In those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." In one of Bright's greatest speeches the famous passage about the "Angel of Death" is taken bodily from the Bible; and Lord Brougham pointed out long ago that Wilberforce's greatest speech culminated in the famous description of Pitt: "He stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed." Or take a single idea, such as the religious idea of "liberty." It passed to St. Paul and St. James from their Master, from the Epistles to A Kempis's "Imitatio Christi," to Luther's "Freiheit eines Christen Menschen," to Calvin's "Institutio," to Milton's "Paradise Regained," to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," to Cowper's "Task," and to Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty."

It would be easy to multiply illustrations. But these are sufficient to show with what justice a critic in one of your contemporaries, commenting upon the letters in the ACADEMY, sarcastically observed that Macaulay had an "excellent memory." It was evidently a failing which Macaulay shared in common with his most illustrious predecessors.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Ingram in his letter that appeared in your issue of the 18th inst has been led by his praiseworthy but indiscriminate admiration of Poe to make a somewhat unfair attack on certain remarks of mine concerning the poet in my article on the perfect lyric. It is unjust to accuse me of saying that Poe was not up to his trade as a poet. It was Poe the critic that I criticised not Poe the poet. My remarks concerning the refrain and originality of metre were not an attack on Poe's poetry, nor were they final. I said: "The use of the refrain betrays as a rule a barrenness of invention, while the poem that relies on the originality of its metre is usually original in that and nothing else." I was careful to say that Poe was saved from the pitfalls into which the use of those devices might betray minds less richly endowed than his own by his rare faculty of imagination. Surely no higher praise could be given. I cited his Philosophy of Composition not in dispraise of the actual poem it produced, but as being unlikely—from its falseness to all preconceived notions of art—to produce another work of equal merit. If Mr. Ingram claims indulgence for Poe's criticism of Wordsworth as being the opinion of a youth of twenty-two, I fail to see why he should ask us to accept as gospel the further quotation he makes from the same critique. "It has been said that a good critique on a poem may be written by one who is no poet himself. This . . . I feel to be false; the less poetical the critic, the less just the critique, and the converse."

By poet—in the general acceptance of the term—is understood one who has produced poetry. There are many men who have never written a line of poetry worthy the name who have shown a fine intelligence of what is poetry and what is not—the late Professor Palgrave for instance. To agree with Poe's statement would be to allege that no one can be a good judge of a play or picture who has not written or painted one himself. Poets are not always the best judges of poetry nor its most enlightened critics. For example—no one can affirm that Mr. Swinburne's essays on poets and poetry are amongst his happiest efforts. So far from a desire to belittle Poe as a poet, I have always been amongst his sincerest admirers; in fact I regard him as the one poet of genius that America has as yet produced.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. John H. Ingram is mistaken, since I well knew that Poe's letter was written at the age of twenty-two. But what of that? If a man does not know his own mind at twenty-two, either science and jurisprudence (not to mention ordinary common sense) are in tremendous error, or the individual himself is an idiot. Assuming Poe's (must we say) "childish" sneers to be merely the outcome of juvenile and ill-judged distaste, where is the evidence that they were ever retracted?

It is not quite fair of Mr. Ingram to represent me as a sort of ignorant literary paradoxer trying to maintain that Poe was a nonentity, his writings morbid rubbish, and his admirers few. I may

surely be credited with better judgment and knowledge of the facts than to have meant that; but I hope and believe that they are few who honestly admire the depressing gloom which pervades so much that Poe wrote. Other poets—Wordsworth among them—have treated of the dreadful things of life; but they have maintained a due sense of proportion. They have seen nature as she is, a great cosmos of beauty, justice and law; and have recognised darkness, sorrow and death, not as the ruling factors in a universe bizarre and horrible, but simply as the negative poles of sunshine, happiness, and life. In short, to be candid, they have not been monomaniacs.

Of course, Poe had a fine command of terror; but, even so, is not this ever a doubtful qualification? Perhaps one reason—I do not at all mean the sole reason—that Poe's works have lived is that their morbidity is chiefly concerned with the subject of death, about which the views of humanity at large are more or less morbid. There is nothing essentially terrifying in the fact that our lives, in common with all eternal nature's changing manifestations, must come to an end. But the theatric emotions of man have caused him to invest his dissolution with gloom, to surround this quite natural event with all that perverted sentiment could invent to make death hateful. To this universal morbidity Poe gave literary expression. To him death was a "conqueror," something ghastly, a bony spectre lurking amid the tombstones in which human morbidity concretes.

There is no logical necessity to regard "Full fathom five thy father lies" as a morbid poem. On the contrary, this is healthy and natural, symbolising a life returned to the nature which gave it, the body's elements meantime forsaking their temporary chemical union to pass into other forms and endow other life, "in order that the world may be ever new." "Nothing of him that doth fade" is the great truth which Shakespeare, who was almost nature itself incarnate, proclaimed.

Not all that Poe ever wrote is worth Wordsworth's "Lines near Tintern Abbey." What can surpass the sanity of that great poet who felt

"a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air?"

That a man with intellect so spacious should have had to endure the contempt of such as Poe would fill us with disgust did we not remember that Poe was really the victim of his own pathological state. Even genius is conditioned by the physiology of its cerebral cells.

J. B. WALLIS.

P.S.—Mr. Ingram is once more mistaken in calling me Mr. Coventry's copyist. Whether he credit it or no, the fact is that my former letter was written and despatched ere I had so much as seen Mr. Coventry's able article. This, I may remark at large, should be a warning to those who are so keen to detect plagiarism.

THE FLORIMONTANE ACADEMY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I add a word to the paragraphs on the "Florimontane Academy" in your section "The Literary Week" of the ACADEMY of November 4 last? The author says: "Last century there was still to be found at Annecy a Florimontane Academy which published useful works on the literary origin of the French language in Saxony." I suppose this last word is a misprint for "Savoy." I do not quite understand the expression "literary origin of French," perhaps it means: "origins of French Literature." What I want to say is that the Florimontane Academy, refounded about 1860, is still flourishing and continues its publications. It was acknowledged as being of "Utilité publique" by decree of December 17, 1896.

(Canon) HENRY BENEDICT MACKEY

(Member of the Société Florimontane d'Annecy).

[Sant Anselmo, Avenengo, Rome.

Nov. 15.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Burma. Painted and described by R. Talbot Kelly. Black, 20s. net.

Menpes, Mortimer. *Rembrandt*. Black, 12s. 6s. net.

[With an essay on the life and work of Rembrandt, by C. Lewis Hind.]

Blomfield, Reginald. *Studies in Architecture*. Macmillan, 10s. net.

[The author considers that the lack of interest in architecture is attributable to the fact that writers have, for the most part, dealt with the subject "either as an affair of dates and technicalities or as a vehicle for moral disquisition." Mr. Blomfield has dwelt on the human interest.]

Prior, Edward S. *The Cathedral Builders in England*. Seeley.

[An account of the cathedral builders from the eleventh to the nineteenth century.]

The Homes of Tennyson. Painted by Helen Allingham; described by Arthur Paterson. With twenty-five illustrations in colour. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

Boulton, William. *Thomas Gainsborough*. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

[An account of Gainsborough's life—for details of which Mr. Boulton acknowledges his indebtedness to the Fulchars—work, friends, and sitters. With forty illustrations.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Paul, Herbert. *The Life of Froude*. Pitman, 16s. net. (See p. 1217.)

The Military Life of H.R.H. George Duke of Cambridge. By Colonel Willoughby Verner; assisted by Captain Erasmus Darwin Parker. 2 vols. Murray, 36s. net.

Life of Sir John T. Gilbert. By his wife, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.

[Sir John T. Gilbert was descended from the Devonshire family which gave to the world two great explorers—Sir Humphrey Gilbert (who sailed from Plymouth in June, 1583, sighted Newfoundland in July, and took possession of the harbour of St. John's) and his step-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh. He was Inspector for Ireland on the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and published, in addition to the fifteen volumes of reports, two histories of Ireland, and other works, and contributed to THE ACADEMY, The Athenaeum, The Irish Quarterly Review, and to the Dictionary of National Biography.]

Henderson, T. F. *Mary, Queen of Scots*. 2 vols. Hutchinson, 24s. net.

[The writer thinks that the greater part of the more important books on Mary Stuart deal only with a special aspect of the subject, and "suggest the desirability of a biography dealing in a somewhat detailed and critical fashion with the main episodes of her career." Mr. Henderson has endeavoured to deal with the more personal aspects of what he calls "the Marian period." The book contains over a hundred illustrations, mostly from portraits.]

Rowntree, John Wilhelm. *Essays and Addresses*. Headley, 5s. net.

[John Wilhelm Rowntree was the son of Joseph Rowntree, the head of the cocoa firm. His published and unpublished essays, mostly on religious subjects, together with a number of letters, make up the book. It is edited by Mr. Joshua Rowntree.]

The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale: their Lives and their Letters. Transcribed by Catherine Thornton and Frances McLaughlin. Heinemann, 10s. net.

Herrick, Robert. *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*. The Macmillan Co., 6s.

Hill, Constance. *The Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain*. New edition. Lane, 5s.

Johnson, Joseph. *George MacDonald: a biographical and critical appreciation*. Pitman, 6s.

Bradley, A. G. *Captain John Smith*. English Men of Action Series. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

Visetti, Albert. *Verdi*. Miniature series of Musicians. Bell, 1s. net.

FICTION.

Cross, Muriel. *The Irony of Fate*. Greening, 3s. 6d.

Bullock, Shan E. *Dan the Dollar*. Dublin: Maunsell, 3s. 6d.

Askew, Alice and Claude. *Anna of the Plains*. White, 6s.

Reid, Forrest. *The Garden God: a tale of two boys*. Nutt, 15s. net.

Merejkowski, Dmitri. *Peter and Alexis: an Historical Novel*. "Sole Authorised Translation from the Russian." Constable, 6s.

Van Vorst, Marie. *Miss Desmond*. Heinemann, 6s.

HISTORY.

Morice, A. G. *The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia—1660 to 1880*. Primitive Tribes and Pioneer Traders. Lane, 16s. net.

Martin, Percy F. *Through Five Republics of South America*. Heinemann, 21s. net.

Needham, Raymond; and Webster, Alexander. *Somerset House Past and Present*. Unwin, 21s.

[A history of Somerset House from its foundation, about 1550, when the following buildings were demolished to make room for Protector Somerset's residence: The Church of St. Mary le Strand; the episcopal house of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, known as Chester's Inn; the episcopal house of the Bishop of Worcester; the episcopal house of the Bishop of Llandaff; an inn of Chancery indifferently named Strand Inn and Chester Inn; Strand Bridge; and a number of tenements. With an account of the present edifice erected by Sir William Chambers in 1776.]

Hanotaux, Gabriel. *Contemporary France*. Vol. ii.—1873-1875. Translated from the French. Constable, 15s. net.

Hamilton, Sir Ian. *A Staff Officer's Scrap-book During the Russo-Japanese War*. Arnold, 18s. net. (See p. 1224.)

Davis, H. W. C. *England Under the Normans and Angevins (1066-1279)*. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.

[The second volume of Messrs. Methuen's History of England, edited by Professor Oman.]

Shaw, Flora L. (Lady Lugard). *A Tropical Dependency*. Nisbet, 18s. net.

[An outline of the ancient history of the Western Sudan, with an account of the modern settlement of Northern Nigeria.]

A Study of the Russo-Japanese War. By "Chasseur." With maps and plans. Blackwood, 6s. net.

Tout, T. F. *The History of England from the Accession of Henry III. to the Death of Edward III.* Political History of England Series. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.

Cook, Theodore Andrea. *Old Provence*. 2 vols. Rivingtons, 16s.

[The first volume is devoted to the Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans who "have left traces upon the soil of France that are as remarkable as any to be found in Italy," and, says the author, may be described as "a description of the Roman Empire on the Rhone." The second volume deals with Old Provence from the year 1000 to 1484, when Charles of Anjou left Provence to Louis XI. of France.]

Steveni, William Barnes. *The Scandinavian Question*. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.

Shuckburgh, E. S. *Greece—from the Coming of the Hellenes to A.D. 14*. Story of the Nations series. Unwin, 5s.

LITERATURE.

The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene. Edited, with introductions and notes, by J. Churton Collins. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 18s. net.

[Uniform with the Clarendon Press editions of Kyd and of Lyly. Each play has been transcribed from the oldest Quarto extant: the *Looking Glasse* from the Quarto of 1594. *Orlando and Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay* from the Quartos of the same year, *Alphonsus* from the Quarto of 1599, *James IV.* from that of 1597, and *The Pinner* from that of 1599.]

The Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. xi.: *Samson—Talmid*. Funk & Wagnalls.

[A descriptive record of the history, religion, literature and customs of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the present day.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bastian, H. Charlton. *The Nature and Origin of Living Matter*. With 245 illustrations from photo-micrographs. Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.

Seymour, Charles. *How to Speak Effectively on the Platform, at the Meeting, in the Pulpit*. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

- Curle, J. H. *The Gold Mines of the World*. Third edition, revised. Routledge, 12s. 6d. net.
[Written after an inspection of nearly five hundred mines in Transvaal, Rhodesia, West Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, New Zealand, India, Malay Peninsula, Siberia, United States, Alaska, Klondyke, British Columbia, Mexico, Peru, Brazil, Sudan, Hungary and Wales.]
- Robertson, William Bell. *Foundations of Political Economy*. Walker Scott Publishing Co., 5s.
- Connell, F. Norreys. *The Pity of War*. Glaisher, 4s. 6d. net.
- Smith, H. Bompas. *Boys and their Management in School*. Longmans, 2s. 6d. net.
- Vizetelly, Frank H. *The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer*. Funk & Wagnalls, 3s.
[Directions to authors on the way to prepare copy and correct proofs, with suggestions on submitting manuscripts for publication.]
- Flammarion, Camille. *Thunder and Lightning*. Translated by Walter Mostyn. Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.
- Lodge, Sir Oliver. *Life and Matter*. Williams & Norgate, 2s. 6s. net.
[A criticism of Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe."]

MUSIC.

- The Oxford History of Music: Vol. vi.—*The Romantic Period*. By Edward Dannreuther. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 15s. net.
[The sixth volume shows the effect of Romantic poetry and fiction on music and traces the gradual transition from Opera Seria to Opera Charakteristica, from the Sonata to the Characterstück, from the Symphony to the Poème Symphonique. A large part of the volume is concerned with dramatic music, from Weber to the Romantic operas of Wagner, from Berlioz to Gounod and Bizet, from Glinka to Borodine, from Rossini to Verdi; and it treats in full detail the claims of Programme Music, the extension of the cyclic forms by Mendelssohn and Schumann, and the rise of a new piano-forte technique under Chopin and Liszt.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

- Boraston, J. Maclair. *Nature-tones and Undertones*. Sherratt & Hughes, 6s. net.
[Sketches of life in the open, illustrated by twenty-four photographs from nature.]

POETRY.

- Renton, William. *Oils and Water-Colours*. Nature poems. Greening, 5s. net.
- Courthope, W. J. *A History of English Poetry*. Vol. v. Macmillan, 10s. net.
[Contains chapters on the effects of the classical renaissance on modern European poetry; the Whig victory—panegyric poetry; Whig and Tory—heroic, mock-heroic, and didactic verse; the reconstruction of the social standard of taste; the development of the familiar style in English poetry; Alexander Pope; the development of the ethical school of Pope; and the decline of social and political satire. Having completed his survey of the effects of the Classical Renaissance, Mr. Courthope turns to the eighteenth century, and deals with translations of the Classics; philosophical English poetry—Influence of Deism, Nature-worship, liberty and the arts; religious lyrical poetry—Influence of the Methodist movement; the Early Romantic Movement in English poetry; and the poetical drama in the eighteenth century; ending with a survey of English poetry in the eighteenth century.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- George Meredith's *An Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit*. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles. *Bothwell*: Acts iii. to vi. Tragedies—in five volumes, 30s. net. Vol. iii. Chatto & Windus.
- Stepniak, S. *At the Dawn of a New Reign*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Riehl, Alois. *Giordano Bruno*. Translated from the German by Agnes Fry. Foulis.
- The Old Curiosity Shop*; *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.
- The Poems of Richard Crashaw*. Muses' Library. Routledge, 1s. net.
- Landon's *Imaginary Conversations (Classical Dialogues)*; *Burke's Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*; *Johnson's Rasselas*; *James Thompson's translation of the Essays, Dialogues and Thoughts of Giacomo Leopardi*; *The Spectator* (in six volumes) vols. i. and ii. The New Universal Library. Routledge, 1s. net.
- Wallace, Burns, and Stevenson: *appreciations*. By Lord Rosebery. Stirling: Eneas MacKay, 2s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

- Kinnear, John Boyd. *The Foundations of Religion*. Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.
[A condensed summary of a series of lectures delivered on Sunday evenings during the last three years in a rural parish.]
- Conversations with Christ: a biographical study*. By the author of "The Faith to be a Christian." Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.
- Horton, Robert F. *The Hidden God*. Sermons. The World's Pulpit series. Brown, Langham, 3s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Reminiscences of Many Lands: being extracts from the five years journal of a wanderer*. By A. Nomad. Drane, 6s.
- D'Este, Margaret. *Through Corsica with a Camera*. Putnams, 7s. 6d. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

MR. A. SIEGLE sends us a new revised edition of *A New Dictionary of the French and English Languages*, by E. Clifton, entirely remodelled and enlarged by J. McLaughlin. It comes, in size and scope, between the big Clifton and Grimaux and the smaller edition, which was held to be (and was) a little too small. Economy of space, accuracy, clearness and (within its limits) completeness, are the marks of this very useful and scholarly book. We have before this expressed in these columns our

opinion that pronunciation can only be well taught orally, and that the many devices in use for teaching it by the eye are of little more than no use at all. Still, if the thing has to be done, this dictionary probably does it better, and certainly more clearly, than most. Its signs, which follow French and English words alike, are quite simple, and, though the statement in the introductory chapter that *em, en* "have the same sound as *am, an*," is typical of the lack of subtlety that marks all such efforts to explain, the instructions, on the whole, are sound.

The Italian Lakes, painted by Ella Du Cane, described by Richard Bagot (Black, 20s. net). Mr. Bagot has left to the illustrator the task of reproducing, as far as possible, the impressions of the landscapes as they appeal merely to the eye. The illustrator, however, has evidently not appreciated the chance thus left to her. She has given us a series of pictures which, though quite pretty, do not help the reader to realise the general character of the North Italian Lakes. She likes oleanders and cypresses (although she gives to these sombre trees the colour of poplars) and yellow walls and red roofs; but, to judge from the illustrations to this volume, she has never looked at the water, the mountains or the sky. She seems to think that the dominant atmospheric tones in this particularly brilliant climate are a pinky-purple haze, such as one sees in pictures of the far North, and a bluish mist like that of the Scotch lochs. We should perhaps be open to the accusation of philistinism, were we to remark that the water of the Lake of Como is not generally of a creamy yellow colour. But at all hazards we must enter a protest against her painting of the mountains; for, with the unerring and merciless method of a photographer, she has taken care to place a conventional and meaningless cloud, neatly ensconced behind every hill-top. Mr. Bagot, we imagine, knows the country better than Miss Du Cane. His text however would have lost nothing, and might have gained a good deal, if he had suppressed certain passages in which he preaches short sermons on such subjects as Free Trade and Protection, the virtues of pagan society and the behaviour of German and American tourists; and had given us in their place some account of the inhabitants of the district. After all, the Lakes are not exclusively the inheritance of drunken smugglers, corrupt custom-house officers, extortionate Swiss hotel-keepers and ill-behaved tourists. But in books like this every reader will discover omissions. The material with which Mr. Bagot had to deal was far too extensive for the space at his disposal; and on the whole he has made a wise selection.

There are two good editions of Beaconsfield's novels now being produced volume by volume. The larger and more ambitious is Mr. Alexander Moring's (*The De la More Press*, 3s. 6d. net), with the introductions by Mr. Lucien Wolf. *The Young Duke*, the last volume to be published, contains a reproduction of Chalon's portrait of Disraeli, now at Hughenden. Mr. Wolf's introduction—biographical, political, and critical—is most interesting. It gives the story of the writing of the novel, and the almost tragic circumstances which made the writing of it necessary, and examines the Disraeli of that period with sympathy and sense. Mr. John Lane's little issue forms part of his pleasant "New Pocket Library" (2s. and 1s. 6d. net).—To their admirable Three-and-Sixpenny Library Messrs. Macmillan have added Lever's *Harry Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley* (3s. 6d. each) with the original illustrations by Phiz. Both are well printed, the type is clear, and the binding good. From the same publishers we have received Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* (6s.), to which Mr. Austin Dobson supplies a perhaps unnecessary introduction, and Mr. Hugh Thomson the illustrations.—Among other reprints are George Eliot's *Silas Marner* (Dent), illustrated by Mr. E. C. Brock; George Gissing's *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (Constable, 2s. 6d. net); and Marryat's *The King's Own* in Mr. Lane's New Pocket Library (1s. 6d. net).—Messrs. Methuen have completed their very admirable forty-volume Little Quarto Shakespeare, each volume of which has an introduction and footnotes by W. J. Craig; and Messrs. Treherne send us *Pericles*; *Richard III.*; *Henry V.*; *Measure for Measure*; and the *Sonnets*, in their Waistcoat Pocket Shakespeare.—To the Muses' Library Messrs. Routledge have added *The Poems of Richard Crashaw*, and to the New Universal Library the first two of six *Spectator* volumes; Landon's *Imaginary Conversations (Classical)*; *Johnson's Rasselas*; *Edmund Burke's Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, and *James Thompson's Essays, Dialogues and Thoughts (Opere Morali and Pensieri) of Giacomo Leopardi*.

In Further Ardenne. A Study of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg (With seventeen plates). By the Rev. T. H. Passmore (Dent, 7s. 6d. net).—Next to the joy of travel in the body is that of travel in the spirit, if indeed the latter is really inferior. He is no travel-enthusiast who does not know how much pleasure can be got from tours which cost no more than the price of a guide-book and an atlas; a continental Bradshaw may be added but is not essential. But with Mr. Passmore at our elbow we may dispense with the others, so far as Luxembourg is concerned. He expressly disclaims the intention of providing a guide-book, and a guide-book in the technical sense this book is not. What the author does is to take us by the arm and trot us about the Grand Duchy, pleasantly discoursing the while of its history (the historical sketch is excellent), its local customs, its folklore; pointing out beauties of man and nature that might escape the traveller less admirably ciceroned. Mr. Passmore is saturated with the spirit of the place; and, if perchance, like a true artist, he sees more than prosaic reality, let us be thankful that he makes us see with him. "Tout paysage est un état d'âme," as he quotes on his title-page. The charm of this book is that the author has the power of communicating his *état d'âme*; he makes one resolve to take the Ostend boat-train to-morrow

morning, though one be the Protestant Anglo-Saxon whom he lashes a little unreasonably. Mr. Passmore has been well treated by his publishers; the book is beautifully produced—a handsome printed page, good and clear photographic illustrations, and an attractive binding. Both matter and form make it the very book for a Christmas present.

A very good little series of handbooks is the "Wallet Series" published by Mr. Edward Arnold at 1s. net each. The first five volumes, we hear, have been very successful, and it is intended to enlarge the scope of the series, while adhering to the original intentions of providing practical guides for beginners on the subjects with which they deal. We have before us *The Management of Babies* by Mr. Leonard Hill, *On taking a house* (an excellent little work) by W. Beach Thomas; *Common Ailments and their Treatment* by M. H. Naylor, M.B., B.S.; and *On Collecting Miniatures, Enamels, Jewellery*, by Robert Edward; and other volumes published or promised are *Motoring for Moderate Incomes* by H. R. Reynolds; *On collecting Engravings, Pottery, Porcelain, Glass and Silver*, by Robert Edward; *Electric Lightning for the Inexperienced*, by Hubert Walter, *Hockey as a Game for Women*, by Edith Thompson; *Dress Outfits for Abroad* by Arden Holt; and *Water-colour Painting* by Mary L. Breakall. The "get-up" of these little books is much better than that of most handbooks, and the work in each is well done, accurate and to the point.

A strange and interesting book published by the Open Court Publishing Co. of Chicago and in London, by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., is *Jerusalem through the Lands of Islam among Jews, Christians and Moslems*, by Madame Hyacinthe Loyson, who is the wife of Pere Hyacinthe. It is best described in the words of the Prince de Polignac, who contributes a Preface, as "a tour of Christian Exploration." Pere Hyacinthe and his wife (who is an American) travelled from Algeria to Jerusalem, by way of Arabia and Egypt, and the travels are described in a lively and vigorous style, marred by much unintelligible and haphazard punctuation and an excess of italics and capital letters. But the idea of the book is not the travel, so much as the relativity of religions of the peoples studied, Moslems, Jews and Christians; and Madame Hyacinthe Loyson's point is the universal brotherhood of the three monotheistic religions as she calls them, the religions of Allah and Jehovah and the Christian religion. In the co-operation of the three—and in the honouring by modern Christianity of some of the grander and simpler elements of the other two faiths, she sees the regeneration of the world. There is breadth of view in the book, enthusiasm and some little of that spirit which sees good in "every country but its

own." It will not please theologians, but it may stimulate the thoughts of the ordinary religiously-minded man or woman.

After London, by Richard Jefferies (Duckworth, 6s.). Messrs. Duckworth are to be thanked and congratulated for their reprints of Jefferies; but, to speak frankly, *After London* is not the best of his books, it is not even the best of his fictions. It is much inferior to "Bevis" or "The Dewy Morn" or "Amaryllis." It was a carefully elaborated bid for popularity, but Jefferies gave the care to his detail, not to his plot, and the detail itself is not convincing. Invention is a smaller thing than imagination; Jefferies was supreme in imagination, but had a poorer invention than many a third-rate novelist. The idea of a tale cast in the future, the picture of England's relapse into barbarism, are well conceived, and in parts brilliantly executed; but both characters and incidents seem to suffer from lack of reality. Felix himself, though a picture of the author's own character, is a mere lay-figure; a fully grown Bevis, he does not live and breathe as the boy Bevis does. The brothers also, and the carving of the canoe, though of interest as studies from life, do not redeem the book from unreality. It is manifest that here is a great genius moving under self-imposed fetters. Mr. Wells or Mr. Haggard would have done the thing better, which is not to say that they are to be compared as writers with Jefferies. Boys should love this book for its own sake; grown persons will love it for its author's.

With the Abyssinians in Somaliland, by Major J. Willes-Jennings, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., and Christopher Addison, M.D., F.R.C.S., with a Preface by Colonel A. N. Rochefort, C.B., etc. (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.) Major Willes-Jennings was the principal Medical Officer of the Force, Abyssinian and English, which made the Somaliland expedition of 1903-4, and with Captain H. N. Dunn, R.A.M.C., was attached to the Emperor Menelik's troops. This book, which has been "arranged for publication" by Mr. Addison, tells the story of that expedition. The story is interesting and well told; still more interesting, to our thinking, are Major Willes-Jennings's remarks on the manners and customs of the Somalis and Abyssinians, which he has noted with the eye of a man of science and some humour. His chapters ix., x. and xi., are full of information on dress, habits, industries, arts, marriages, and so forth, and throughout the narrative itself, besides accounts of sport, we find valuable notes on the normal life of those races. The photographs, too, all taken by Major Willes-Jennings, are capital, and there is a good sketch-map of Somaliland; but it is a pity that so good a book should lack an index. The chapter-headings are full, but they are not enough.

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